

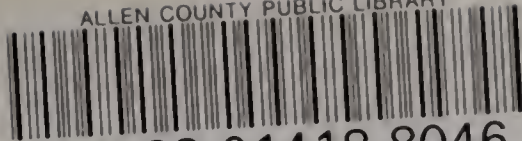


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THE  
SMITH FAMILY  
HISTORY



by

Edward McMurray Smith



*Published 1952*





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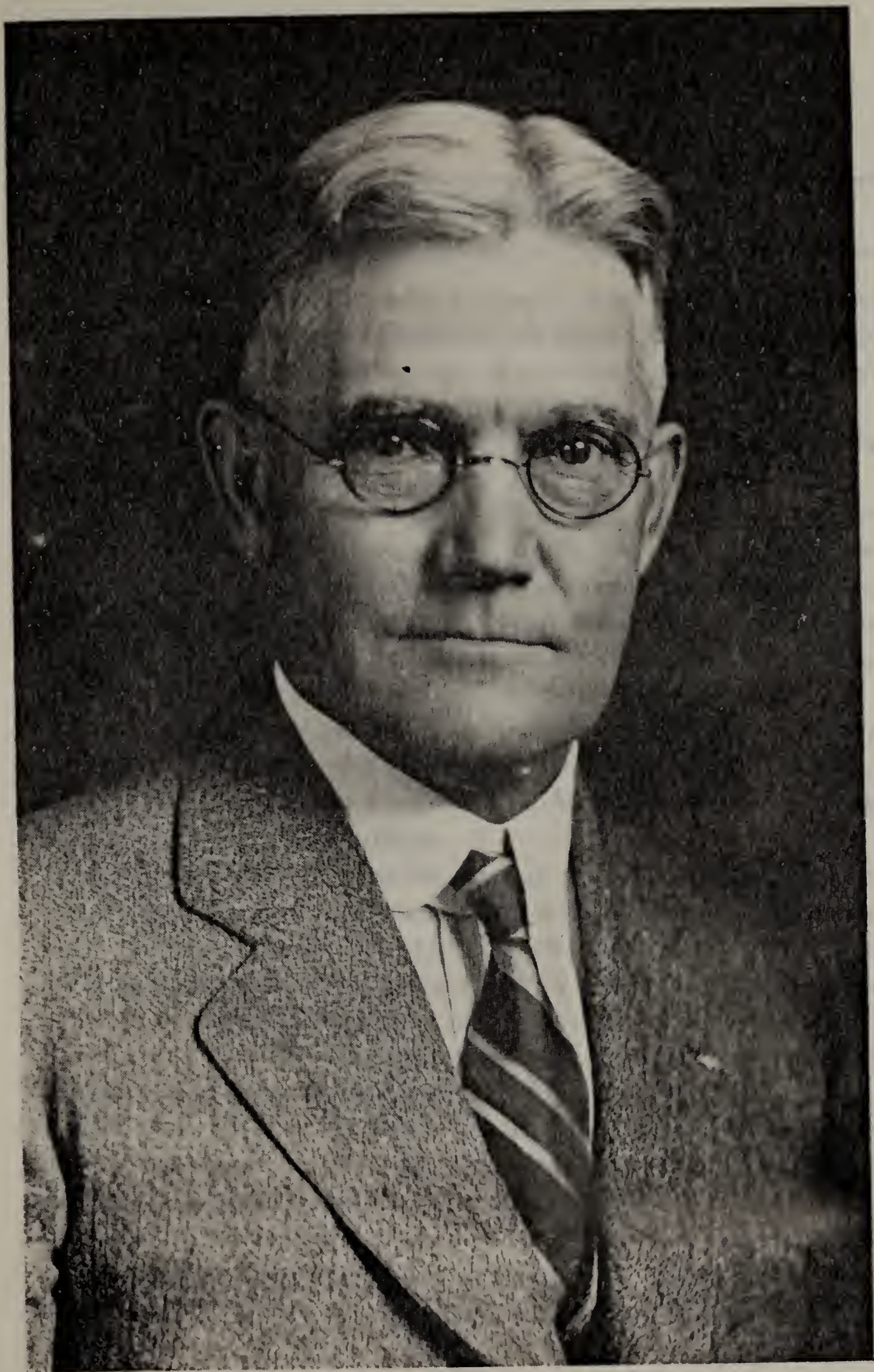
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Ed M. Smith





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## THE ED M. SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

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I am writing this history of my ancestry, the Smiths, for two reasons. The first is that my daughter has many times urged it. The second is that a reasonable pride of ancestry is to be commended and might be a wholesome influence on future generations.

In preparing this Smith family history, I acknowledge material assistance from my cousin, John McNeilly, who assembled a family history of his father; James McNeilly, and his mother, Anna Smith McNeilly, my aunt on the Smith side of the family; also from my nephew, Murray D. Smith who assembled valuable data on the Courtney family after meeting distant relatives and studying records while in Calais, Maine and St. Stephen, Canada, in January 1951. My mother was the former Jane Courtney.

The history of my parents, born in Antrim and Down counties, Ireland, is in reality, the history of thousands of the so-called Scotch-Irish people who emigrated to America. To them it was the land of plenty and promise.

The great Bashfield painting that is displayed on the walls of Iowa's state Capitol portrays the unconquerable spirit of our early pioneers who left home and friends in the hope of finding greater opportunity in the comparatively new country. No painting has more adequately portrayed the pioneer spirit of the Scotch-Irish people of 100 years ago, who left friends, relatives and all that they held dear, to seek homes in America.

The story of how my father, John McMurray Smith and his three sisters came to America, illustrates hope and ambition well worthy of a great painting. To them, America was the land of opportunity, a land where the most humble person might become an honored, useful citizen. In America, ancestry was less important than ambition and the will to endure hardships if necessary.

It is not out of place to note here that the term Scotch-Irish





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

came into general use as a designation of the Scots who largely peopled north Ireland. Ordinarily we designate nationality on the basis of nativity, Germans from Germany, Frenchmen from France and Danes from Denmark, etc. Since the people of North Ireland were predominantly of Scotch descent, the term Scotch-Irish denotes both ancestry and nativity.

It should be noted that north Ireland was largely settled by people from England and Scotland. Southern Ireland was peopled by the Celts who spoke the Celtic language and were of the Catholic faith. This doubtless accounted for the turmoil and religious hatreds within that small nation, whose total area is but a little more than half the area of Iowa.

I have given these facts as an explanation of the religious prejudice that good Christian people like my mother, did not entirely cast off when they came to America. However, Mother's feelings tempered with the years and the Catholic and Protestant hatreds of old were not much in evidence when we grew up with our Catholic neighbors in Jackson County, Iowa. In fact, my Father's sister, Isabella, married Hugh McElroy, an Irish Catholic in Boston, and the relationship between the Smiths and the McElroys was extremely cordial. As evidence of this I was named "Edward" in honor of my cousin Edward P. McElroy. My middle name "McMurray" was in honor of my father and grandfather, both of whom were named John McMurray Smith. My brother Samuel Craig also named his eldest son "Murray" an abbreviated form of McMurray.

## THE SMITHS IN AMERICA

In this history of the Smith family it is not possible to trace a long line of ancestry. It begins with my grandfather, John McMurray Smith, who was born in Scotland. He was injured and blinded in a limestone quarry explosion in 1839. He died shortly thereafter and my grandmother Smith died a few months later. The four orphaned children in the order of their ages at that time, were Martha aged 12, Anna 10, Isabella 8 and John, my father, aged 6. In 1950 my cousin Winifred McCaren Quinn of





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

Burke, South Dakota, visited the cemetery, 40 miles from Belfast Ireland, where some of our ancestors are buried.

Of my three aunts on my father's side of the family, Martha married Andrew McCaren and located in the timber region near Carsonville, Michigan. They raised four sons and one daughter. Nancy McCaren McNair, one of the oldest, is the only one now living in 1952. Her home is at Albion, Michigan. At the age of 89 she has recently written me several interesting letters and her composition and handwriting would be quite creditable to that of the high school and college graduates of this year 1952. Of the second generation of the Smiths in America, Mrs. McNair, and myself, the youngest, are the only ones remaining.

I have in my possession, a copy of the Carsonville *Tribune* of Friday, December 28, 1906. This little eight page paper devoted a full column in the center of the front page to the passing of Martha Smith McCaren and partly because I have little information about her life in America, I am including a part of the article in this history. It seems to indicate beyond doubt that she was a highly respected citizen in the community in which she lived. She is the one most responsible for my father's having come to America, at least it seems so to me. The article is as follows:

"The sudden death of Mrs. Martha McCaren came as a heavy blow to her family and a large number of friends and acquaintances, who knowing her general good habits were stunned at the sudden news which was heralded Tuesday morning (Christmas Day) at 8 o'clock, the good lady having been taken with a stroke of apoplexy while at her household duties.

"She was 80 years of age having been born May 12, 1827, in County Down, Ireland. She came to America when a young girl and in Boston met Andrew McCaren, a native of her own country. They lived in that city for several years until 1855, when on Thanksgiving Day they were married and left for the new western country, settling for a summer in Ohio. They then moved up to Detroit, coming to Lexington, Sanilac county, Michigan by boat in the fall of 1856. From Lexington they journeyed by stage to Cherry Creek, north of Forester, where Mr. McCaren worked





in the logging camps until the spring, when with his wife and Adam Nelson and his wife, who had migrated west with them, they located in the heart of the pine forest on the land which now comprises the Old Homestead one and one half miles north of Carsonville and one mile west.

"The funeral was conducted at the Congregational Church Thursday morning after the house service had been completed at ten o'clock, and the body was laid in its final resting place in the Washington cemetery. The funeral procession was one of the largest of the year.

"Martha McCaren was the eldest daughter of a family of four, of whom only one sister survives her.

"Besides her immediate family she leaves to mourn, a husband, Andrew McCaren, 85 years of age and three sons, William, James, and Robert; and a daughter, Mrs. Nancy McNair, wife of Hugh McNair of Brown City, Michigan. She was the mother of five children, one of whom died two years ago, Andrew McCaren of this place.

"Of the family of Martha and Andrew McCaren, this aged couple who celebrated their golden wedding hardly one year ago, her loved ones may feel proud that she leaves behind a very honorable family. Of the boys, two are living in Carsonville, William J., cashier of the Exchange State Bank and proprietor of McCaren & Company's mercantile store, also Robert, one of our leading merchants. The other son, James McCaren, Judge of Probate, resides at Sandusky, where he is highly respected, both in private and public life."

Isabella Smith married Hugh McElroy in Boston. They had three children, Edward P., for whom I was named, John and Isabella. John McElroy died in 1932 leaving two sons, John and William. His wife had passed on some years before. I have a letter from Edward written in 1939. He was 80 years of age at the time. He mentioned, in referring to his brother John, that his son John had a baby daughter one and one-half years old at that time. He also mentioned that Isabella's husband Joseph Raffaele died in 1932, leaving two sons, Joseph and Bertrand





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

and that Joseph had a son one and one-half years of age. He also stated that the mother Isabella, made her home with her son Joseph.

In this letter he said "I can remember James Smith (my oldest brother) when as boys we visited Uncle John and Aunt Jane in Brookline. I think he was about my age."

Anna married James McNeilly in Boston on August 10, 1857. This history includes more information about the James McNeillys for the good reason that the McNeillys were the only relatives on either side of the family that resided near my own family in Iowa. Their oldest son, Cousin John, was about the same age as my oldest brother, James. May, a daughter, was brother Will's age, and Cousin Frank was just between my age and that of my brother Samuel C.



Father, John McMurray Smith

### JOHN McMURRAY SMITH

My father and my mother grew up in Ireland just a few miles apart but in different counties. Father was born in Ballyroncy in County Down on August 1, 1833, and mother, on July 4, 1833, in County Antrim, near the town of Antrim and within sight of





Ireland's beautiful "Lough Neagh". In Ireland a "lough" corresponds to what we in America call a lake.

My father, John McMurray Smith, with the help of his elder sisters, Martha and Anna, came to Boston in the year 1852, at the age of 19. The voyage took eight weeks. During the voyage he spent much time with the ship's crew. His interest in sailing may have grown from this experience. At any rate, after a few years he went to sea on a trading vessel and made a number of voyages, visiting the West Indies, the South American coast, and later passing around the Cape of Good Hope to East Africa and the East Indies. He also sailed with a ship's crew to the west coast of Africa for a cargo of dye wood.

I deeply regret that I did not take a greater interest in this interesting period of his life. I remember that he did relate some details of the African trip, describing the daily electrical storms and rains incident to the Equatorial latitude. His ship anchored near the mouth of the Gaboon River. The regular crew was unable to withstand the terrific tropical heat and native Africans were hired to load the cargo of dye wood.

I also recall his references to a trip to the East Indies and to South America. On one of these voyages he was shipwrecked off the Canary Islands, and for a time suffered the pangs of hunger.

After several years of sailing, my father married Jane Courtney on July 4, 1861, and began housekeeping in Brookline, a suburb of Boston. It was here that my three brothers, James Alexander, William John and Samuel Craig were born. I was born October 31, 1870, about one year after my parents came to Jackson County, Iowa, and thus I am the only native Iowan of the family.

It was in Boston that father enrolled in a night school. I infer that his book learning was confined to the three R's — "Readin', 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic". In spite of this limited schooling, he learned to write more legibly than any of his four sons. Although he occasionally misplaced the accent on syllables, he read with unusual expression.





THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

The following is a facsimile of a letter which he wrote to my brother Samuel when the latter was studying law at the State University of Iowa. It was written, as you will note, in October 1895, at which time Father was 62 years old.

winter set Iowa Oct 27/95

My Dear Son

I will try and write you a short letter this evening and hope it will find you in good health as we are about the same as when I last wrote to you. But Mother don't get good health nor I am afraid she never will again. Sade & Willie are both well and Glenn is a fine boy and a great deal of company now, it is very lonesome here now since Eddie is gone. I feel it evenings through the day I have so much to do that I don't have time to think about it. I have to get up by 5 o'clock in the morning and it is 9 o'clock when I get through then I commence at 4 o'clock & chore till dark so that

(Facsimile)





I dont have time to chue much  
 Else through the day It will  
 Be rather hard in cold weather  
 will me are glad to know you  
 will be home at christmas I would  
 like to write to you often but  
 its hard work for me to write  
 now & I make such poor Spelling  
 Eddie came home yeasterday and  
 went back this afternoon on his  
 wheel) the corn is not turning out  
 as much to the acre as people  
 expected willie says his is  
 making about 30 bushels to the  
 acre it is selling in town for  
 15 cts per Bushel & oats are  
 worth 12 cts and no market for  
 potatoes Hogs are selling for \$3.00  
 per hundred pigs leg is not healed  
 up yet it is healing up slowly &  
 its all the better for to heal slow  
 this is all for this time  
 Your affect Father & Mother

(Facsimile)





I recall that during my childhood in Jackson County, the only periodicals in our home were the *Youth's Companion*, the *Weekly Toledo Blade* and the local paper, *The Maquoketa Excelsior*. Though the reading matter was limited, it was thoroughly digested. It was Father's practice to read the "Blade" aloud during the evenings while Mother mended or darned for her four boys. I recall very vividly learning my A-B-C's from the headlines of the local newspaper. I would lie on the kitchen floor, chin cupped in my hands, and as I "called" the letters, Mother, without ceasing her work, was my monitor and teacher.

Doubtless there is much unwritten history as to the influences that decide on the choice of home locations. In the instance of my parents moving from Brookline, Massachusetts to a farm in section 36, Otter Creek Township, Jackson County, Iowa, the deciding influence was that of my Aunt Anna and Uncle James McNeilly who had located in Dubuque and later in Jackson County, Iowa. My Uncle James McNeilly and Aunt Anna Smith McNeilly first located at Andrew in Jackson County, later moving to a farm six miles north of the village of Fulton. Hence, when my parents and three older brothers crossed the Mississippi at Dubuque in September of 1869, my uncle and aunt met them with a team and farm wagon and helped them to get domiciled in their new "home in the west". The location of the farm was 12 miles north of Maquoketa and 22 miles southwest of Dubuque and adjoined the farm owned by the McNeillys.

My oldest brother James well remembered the trip from Dubuque to section 36, Otter Creek Township. At that time my uncle was an inveterate pipe smoker. He and father occupied the front seat, and one thing brother James had impressed on his memory was that uncle James smoked constantly while he and father talked continually during the all day journey from Dubuque. What would I not gladly give for a picture of them on this trip! What a joyful reunion and a never to be forgotten 22 mile journey!

In my childhood, I thought my father was inclined to be somewhat stern and exacting. I wonder now if the harsh days of his





childhood when he was virtually "bound out" did not somewhat influence his life.

Father was not greatly inclined to talk at any length about his boyhood days nor the earlier days of his adult life. Since knowing how unpleasant they were, it is little wonder that he did not care to dwell on them, and I may as well confess here that I was not wise enough nor sufficiently interested to urge him to do so.

My father was kindly and understanding but also stern with his children. He believed in corporal punishment. With four healthy boys not widely separated by age, I can now better understand the need of the corrective measures he believed in. Mother was inclined to be over-indulgent with her children, perhaps, but what a great mother she was! I wonder now that in her great kindness of heart, if she did not often secretly intercede with father in our behalf.

I never heard my father utter a filthy or a profane word. He was short and stocky and had the best muscled arms I ever saw. His rope climbing while at sea may have had much to do in developing the arm muscles. He seldom joked in our presence and I cannot recall having heard him laugh outright. And as is too often the case, I never knew the depth of his love for his children until later in life.

I never saw him shed tears but once. After he and mother were married in Boston, he saved from his meager earnings in order to pay on a life insurance policy. When I was about five years old he heard from Boston that the insurance company had gone bankrupt or squandered the funds. It was then that he gave way to tears. He was counting on that insurance when it matured, to help pay for the farm that he had bought in Iowa.

In 1886 when I was fifteen years of age, the family moved to Madison County, where my father and mother lived until his death by accident in 1899. On Saturday morning, January 21st, 1899 he was struck accidentally by a horse while it was trying to rush past him through a gate. He passed away on the following Tuesday, January 24th.

A fairly complete history of his father and mother was written





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

by my cousin, John McNeilly, not long before he died. It included quite a little about the four Smith children, and his mother, my Aunt Anna, and to my cousin John, I am indebted for the following authentic story of the four Smith children, born in what is now known as the Ulster province of Ireland.

### FROM COUSIN JOHN McNEILLY'S HISTORY

"It is with sad feelings and sorrowful memories that I pen this chapter, as it is about my sainted Mother whose knee was my first altar, and who lived this life in faith and trust of all she came in contact with. She started this life under very poverty stricken conditions. As to her birth, we never knew exactly. We tried to find out by writing to the church in which she was baptized, but the sexton had destroyed the records. As near as she could remember it was November 8, 1829. Her maiden name was Smith. Her parents had come from Scotland, but she and all the rest of the family, two other girls and one boy, were born in Ireland. My mother, Anna, by name, was the second child and was born about five miles from where father was born, in the same county.

"It seems as though my grandfather Smith was working where they made lime. Somehow, an explosion occurred destroying his eyesight, and being so very poor, my grandmother tried to make a living for the family while my grandfather stayed with the children. After a brief period he became ill and passed away. In about six months my grandmother's health failed and she too was laid to rest. In that country at that time, there was no such thing as an orphan's home so neighbors and friends cared for the children.

"The oldest girl, Martha, at about the age of twelve years, soon found a place where she could work for her board and clothes. Mother (Anna) next in age, being about ten years old, was taken to Scotland to the town of Newton Stewart on Wigtown Bay where she worked for an uncle on a dairy farm. Isabella and John, eight and six, respectively, were taken by some neighbors, not that they were needed, nor that they could do work enough





for their keep, but out of a feeling of sympathetic duty. Martha got a good home in a Christian family and grew up into young womanhood, when she emigrated to Brookline, Massachusetts, in about the year 1850. Mother stayed at her uncle's (his name if I remember correctly was Walter Drummond) until she was a young woman.

"After about four years she received word from some of the neighbors in Ireland that the family with whom her baby brother John was staying were not treating him right and were punishing him unduly for slight misdemeanors. She talked to her uncle about it, and asked him, if the report were true, if she could bring him home with her, agreeing to pay his board. Her uncle told her to bring him along and that they would find enough work for him to pay his own keep. So she went to Ireland, and on finding it as reported, she brought him back to Scotland with her, where he remained until she and he emigrated to the United States of America.

"The following will give the reader a little idea about the dairy farm on which my mother grew up from the time she was about ten years old. There were eight girls to milk the seventy-two cows which were then gone over by an overseer to see if they were milked dry. They had just one hour for the milking, so that was an average of nine cows per hour for each girl. This milk was used in making cheese. I always said that mother was the best milker I ever saw, and I still believe it. After the milking was done, the girls worked in the fields hoeing turnips and rutabagas for they raised these as an Iowa farmer raises corn, forty and sixty acres on each farm. These were fed to the cows during the winter season. There were also two of the maids who worked in the house during the day, changing off each week so that they all learned how to do housework.

"Mother said she never got to go to school after her mother died, but for all that she could write so that one could easily read it. She learned to write by seeing other girls write.

"Years came and went until Mother became a young woman, when her sister, Martha, having come to this country, wrote to





her about how she could better herself, but when she spoke to her uncle he tried to dissuade her. Her brother John, had become a big strong boy, capable of doing lots of work. Mother said she knew that her sister, Martha, would not misinform her, and that she wanted her to come and bring John and Bella with her. Martha had sent them money. So accordingly, they set the time and sailed for America, away from the land of their birth. Mother was about twenty years old, Bella eighteen and John sixteen.

"John became a great favorite on shipboard among the sailors, as they had plenty of time, for the voyage took eight weeks. John became greatly in love with the sea and wanted to be a sailor. Mother discouraged him for a time, but the yearning continued and after about two years he shipped as a sailor from Boston to the East Indies. He also made a trip around the "horn" of South America. He continued this life for about two years. On one voyage their vessel sprung a leak and all the hands were put to pumps to keep her afloat. They were not picked up until threatened with starvation, but fortunately a ship hove in sight, and seeing their flag of distress came to their rescue. I heard him say that he had to pump all day in relays of two hours on and four hours off every day and night getting only one sea biscuit a day, the biscuit being about as large as a soda biscuit of the present day.

"This cured him of the sea-faring life. As long as he lived, no one ever heard him say a disparaging word about the food set before him. It was always all right, and he was always thankful for whatever food was served.

"Mother and her brother (Uncle John) as we always called him, were people of a very good disposition, not ostentatious in any way. They must have had good Christian training while young for they always manifested such Christian principles.

"Now, as to Mother's personal appearance, it was nearly opposite from Father's. Mother was stoutly built, about five feet tall, was very straight, carrying her shoulders very well back, had a thick stout neck, very short arms, short chubby hands, was of





dark complexion, would be called a brunette; was broad of forehead, but not so high as Father's. She had small eye-brows, full brown eyes, black hair, rosy cheeks, and I never knew her to use any cosmetics. Her complexion was clear, her face rather round and full, had small ears, a quite prominent nose, small mouth, large lips, with a chin rather small and pointed. Mother's disposition was lovely, so gentle and kind and she always had an excuse for the mistakes of others. She was generous to a fault. She was very careful not to give offense to others and always avoided contention or strife. She had many warm friends and very few enemies. She would express her thoughts on any subject she was interested in, but could do it in such a way as not often to give offense, but if she did, she would say, "That is the way I look at it, but you are welcome to your opinion".

\* \* \* \* \*

"My Father spent the next four years in Boston. On August 10, 1857, he was married to Anna Smith, my Mother, who at the time of her marriage was chamber maid in Mr. McBurney's home. After their marriage he left my Mother in Boston, she to continue to work for Mr. McBurney, as times were hard and money scarce. He came west to the city of Dubuque, Iowa, October 1857, where his grandfather and aunt had located when he first came to America. He got work there in the home of a lumberman, H. L. Stout, as a coachman. The following January he sent for my mother. She entered the employ of Mrs. H. L. Stout and stayed nearly a year, then they went to housekeeping in a little house on Bluff Street where I was born January 17, 1859."

Thus ends my cousin John's contribution to this Smith family history. He wrote it while his mother, my Aunt Anna, was still living. It should be fairly accurate.

## THE COURTNEYS

My mother, Jane Courtney was born July 4, 1833 near Lough Neagh in Antrim County, Ireland. Her mother, whose name I do not remember, died when she was quite young, and her father, Hugh Courtney, remarried.







Jane Courtney Smith

I do not really know the circumstances of my mother's coming to America — that is to say, whether she preceded her father and stepmother, whether she came with them, or whether she came later. I do know that she was shipwrecked on the voyage to America, and that she was seven weeks on the ocean journey.

Hugh Courtney, her father, was born in County Down in 1808, and although he lived in or near St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada after coming to this country, he died in Calais, Maine on August 7, 1874, but is buried in St. Stephen. By this first marriage mother had a sister, Elizabeth, whom we always called aunt Eliza.

Hugh Courtney married again, as mentioned above, his second wife being Nancy Lewis. They were married in Donegore, Antrim County, Ireland, on November 15, 1836. Her father was Arthur Lewis. Hugh Courtney and his family came to this country, about 1850 or 1851, and when they first came to New Bruns-





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

wick they stayed with the Edward and Rachel Keys family in St. Stephen, across the river from Calais, Maine.

Francis Courtney, an uncle of Hugh, probably was the first of the Courtney family to come to St. Stephen. Of him it is known that he had a substantial business in Ireland before coming to this country. He had several children, Nancy who died young, Samuel, and either a David or Thomas or both. I have no information about these three sons except that Thomas or David is said to have perished in a steamboat accident on the Mississippi river.

Another daughter of Francis, Lavina Hill was born, May 24, 1823 and married John Love. She is said to have married a second time to one David Slater, but there were no children by this latter marriage. James B. Love, son of Lavina Hill Courtney and John Love married Janet L. Maxwell, in 1867; their daughter Evalyn, Mrs. F. D. J. Graham, is living in St. Stephen, New Brunswick today (1952). Her husband, now deceased, was at one time mayor of that community.

Mary Jane Courtney, another daughter of Francis Courtney was born in 1824 and died at Moore's Mill, near St. Stephen on June 17, 1915. She married William Henry Clarke in 1841. These Clarkes had no children of their own but adopted Thomas Storey. This gentleman, born February 12, 1867, is at the time of this writing (1951) eighty four years old. With his wife, who is much younger, he resides on the Clarke homestead at Moore's Mill, some seven or eight miles out of St. Stephen. Much of the information here presented was supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Clarke. He is known as Frank Clarke, the Frank being for Francis Courtney, who was called Frank.

Elizabeth (or Eliza) Courtney, my mother's sister, married Eli Carrick in St. Stephen, New Brunswick about July 23, 1856, that being the date on which their marriage license was issued. The record states that Eli Carrick was of Calais and Elizabeth Courtney was of St. Stephen. The Carricks made their home in the beautiful Allegheny hills near Clearfield, Pennsylvania. They had three children, Charles, Ellen and Carrie. In the late 1890s, my cousin Carrie came west to teach school in Madison County, Iowa, and





she made her home with us for a time. Ellen married a Mr. Jacobs. All have passed on. In 1907 the Carricks visited the Clarke family, and among others, the Clarks have a very fine picture of Charles, Ellen and Carrie, a group picture taken I would say, when they were in their early twenties.

It is thought by some that the Rachel Keys, wife of the Edward Keys mentioned above, was a Courtney. Of this I am not certain, but I do know that they attended Hugh and Nancy Courtney's wedding in Ireland in 1836, and that they must have been close friends. For a time in their later lives, Hugh and Nancy Courtney lived with the Edward Keys, probably in the early 1870's. Hugh and Nancy Courtney were separated for a time in 1859. He is said to have gone to St. John, New Brunswick, and she is known to have gone to Boston.

Hugh and Nancy Lewis Courtney had two children. William, who was born in Antrim in 1845 had preceded his mother to Boston, was mustered into the Union forces on March 31, 1864 as a private in the 105th Pennsylvania Infantry Volunteers, and died on May 12, 1864, in Spottsylvania (Battle of the Wilderness of the Civil War). He was never married.

The other child of Hugh and Nancy Courtney was May Ann, known also as Mary Ann, who was born in 1839. She married John Keys, son of the Edward Keys above mentioned and they lived for many years in Calais, Maine. John Keys and his brother, Edward, Jr., lumbered for some years but later formed a partnership and owned and operated a fine livery service in St. Stephen for all of fifty years. The John Keys family must have been torn with sorrow, as all of their children died young. They had six children: Agnes Jane, born May 3, 1867, died March 5, 1869, aged two years; Rachel E., April 2, 1869 — May 24, 1892, aged 23; Wilhemina, called Mina, March 5, 1871 — December 6, 1889, 18 years; Edward L., February 17, 1873 — January 4, 1894, 21 years; John J., July 11, 1875 — October 24, 1899, 24 years; and Jessie Waterson, December 17, 1877 — July 14, 1910 — 33 years. Jessie Keys married Alexander D. Murray, but I do not think there were any children.





These early deaths were attributed to tuberculosis, and one can only be reminded of the great progress made since that time in the war on this and other diseases, which made life hazardous for our early settlers. Tuberculosis is under almost complete control in our country today. There is information that young John Keys died from injuries incurred from falling off one of the high-wheeled bicycles of that time.

Perhaps the continuation of the same Christian names through all the generations is worthy of note: John, Samuel, William, James, Edward, Jane, etc.

Hugh Courtney had three brothers, John, Samuel and James. It is thought that he was the first of them to come to this country.

We do not have much information about their father and mother, except that the father may have been Robert Courtney, or possibly John. There is no doubt that Francis Courtney was their uncle. The father of these Courtney boys is understood to have been "fairly well off" in Ireland and that he insisted that each son learn a trade. James was a shoemaker, and Samuel a carpenter. He is said to have made and supplied pikes for the local warriors of the neighborhood in which they lived.

Much of this which follows has only recently "come to light" and it is far from being complete.

Samuel Courtney, for whom my brother Samuel Craig may have been named, married Ann Butler and lived in Calais. They had one son, John, who died young and of whom there is a picture as a young man of twenty or thereabouts in the family possessions; another son Francis and a daughter, Marie Helen, born June 9, 1860.

John Courtney, who I think spent the latter part of his life in St. John, New Brunswick, and is probably buried there, had one son John F., who became a minister and is said to have died and was buried in St. Thomas, Ontario. Another son, David F., and a son Robert, who is thought to have lived in St. John; and a daughter Mary Jane, who is said to have married a Quade. Although there is little known of this family, there is in the family possessions, a picture of the elder John Courtney and his wife,





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

another of John F., who became a minister, and David F. We also have a small bible, presented as a birthday gift to my mother Jane Courtney by Mary Jane Courtney. So it would seem that mother was in fairly close touch with this family, at least when she lived in the east.

James Courtney, for whom my brother James may have been named, was born in Antrim in 1811 and died in St. Stephen, N. B., on April 20, 1887. He married Mary Ann Caldwell. One daughter, Elizabeth, died in St. Stephen at the age of three years. Another daughter, Rose, was born in Belfast on June 14, 1855 and died at Little Ridge, St. Stephen, N. B., June 13, 1935. She married Joseph Humphries Annis in 1881. He was born in 1854 and died January 21, 1929. He is buried in St. Stephen. In her later years, Mrs. Annis lived in the original Edward Keys home. Her father, James Courtney, after the death of Edward Keys, purchased the property, and Rose Courtney Annis lived there until her death.

Joseph Humphries Annis and Rose Courtney had several children; Percy J. Annis, about 60 years of age, a bachelor, lives on the old Edward Keys-James Courtney homestead today; Edward Annis, Madison, Maine; Frederick, Woodland; Mrs. Charles Woodman, Augusta; Herbert, Woodland; Mrs. Maynard Smith, Laconia, N. H.; and Mrs. Roland Crone, Bangor. At the time of Rose Courtney Annis' death in 1935 there were sixteen grandchildren, and three great grandchildren among whom are Mrs. Paul Williamson of Augusta and Mrs. Harvey Evans of Wakefield, Massachusetts.

On a recent trip to Calais and St. Stephen, Mr. Percy Annis presented my nephew, Murray D. Smith, with Hugh Courtney's powder horn. It is among his most prized possessions.

Mother told me much about her girlhood days in Ireland. I, the youngest of the family helped mother with her housework. On account of there being no sisters, we four boys, beginning with the eldest, took our turns in assisting with the housework. Since I was the youngest, my "turn" as a domestic was extended. It was





while thus engaged that mother told me a great deal about her childhood days.

Mother talked more about her childhood memories than did father. He was less communicative and it is possible that his early childhood was not too pleasant a memory. Mother described the little hedges enclosing the small acreage on which her parents and neighbors lived in the Ulster Province. She retained some of the religious prejudices that were deep seated in the days of her childhood: how the Orangemen would parade on July 12th, in celebration of the Battle of the Boyne (a deciding battle in one of Ireland's religious wars) and how the Blue Ribbon men would harass those in the parade by throwing sticks and stones.

I do know that the death of her mother was one of the sad experiences of her childhood and that she was not too happy in her father's early remarriage. She was a semi-invalid from the time of my birth on October 31, 1870. In later years I learned that her ill health might have been prevented by a very minor and simple corrective operation now performed by every surgeon worthy of the name.

At the risk, possibly, of being thought unduly sentimental, I am going to insert here a paragraph which I wrote at a time when my mother was dying — written nearly 50 years ago, and in length, and in a style which doubtless I have ceased to use these many years, but it still probably expresses as nearly as anything how, not only I, but my three brothers as well, felt toward her. It was printed in the *Winterset Madisonian* of Thursday, January 28, 1904.

## MOTHER

"All nature is clothed in spotless white, every familiar tree, and bush about the door yard is wrapped in icy mantle and every snowy crystal is a diamond sparkling in generous response to the welcome rays of a mid-winter sun. From this point of view swiftly moving teams are passing to and fro, and the sound of merry voices and the music of sleighbells are wafted in pleasant unison. A trio of rosy checked, happy children in an adjoining yard are





indulging in childhood's favorite pastime of coasting and their peals of joyous laughter — perfect expression of innocent joy — are borne upon the winter atmosphere. A scene so beautiful that it might be taken from fairy land — but another.

“Inside the home nearby, Mother is dying. Around her bedside are gathered her four “boys” — always boys to her, though now grown to mature years with boys and girls around their own fire-sides. The life that has so long been interwoven with theirs is slowly but surely passing. Business cares and our own home circles have encroached upon our time — may have robbed Mother of our companionship, but she is just the same. She rejoices in our successes and grieves o’er our misfortunes, perhaps more keenly than we do ourselves. We may have grown away from her, but not she from us, we are still her “boys”. But that love has not been borne in vain. We do not attempt, for words cannot express the worth of a Christian Mother’s love. We know that years hence the memory of her unselfish devotion will make us better men and her precepts be our Guiding Star.”

The following sketch is taken from a *Winterset Madisionian* of January, 1904. It was written by my brother Samuel C.

### OBITUARY

“The subject of this sketch, Jane Courtney, was born in County Antrim, Ireland, July 4, 1833, and died at her home in Winterset, Iowa, January 23, 1904.

“At an early age she came to this country, living first at Calais, Maine, and afterwards at Boston, Massachusetts, where she was married to John McMurray Smith, July 4, 1861. She continued to make this her home until September 1869 when with her husband and three sons she moved to Jackson County, Iowa, on a farm twelve miles north of Maquoketa. In March 1886 she and her family came to Madison County and continued to reside on the farm in Jackson Township until the spring of 1899, when after the death of her husband she moved to Winterset, where she has since resided. The funeral services were held from the home on West Washington Street, Monday afternoon, conducted





by her pastor, Rev. R. R. Marquis of the Winterset Presbyterian Church and her body borne to its last resting place, beside that of her husband, who died just one day later in the same month five years ago.

"For many years Mrs. Smith had been almost a constant sufferer from ill health and the later years of her life were largely spent within her home where none ever entered without a warm welcome nor left without feeling the warmth of a genuine hospitality, so characteristic of the people of her ancestry. Disease did not destroy the charm of a kind indulgent disposition, nor old age diminish her unselfish solicitude for her friends and loved ones. Adhering to the faith of her fathers she united with the Presbyterian Church in early life and loved to attend its service when health permitted. While she continued to enjoy the society of her friends and children, she had for several years realized that her active life was over and with resignation awaited the divine call from death unto life. Of immediate relatives she leaves two sisters, Mrs. Eliza Carrick of Clearfield, Pennsylvania and Mrs. John Keys of Calais, Maine. Also four sons, James A. of Des Moines, William J. of Jackson Township and Samuel and Edward McMurray Smith of Winterset."

### THE SMITHS IN JACKSON COUNTY

While not necessarily a part of family history, the boyhood life of the 70's offers some interesting comparisons.

Economy was real, not from choice but from necessity. When my father bought the Jackson County farm, in 1869, he made a down payment and went in debt for the balance. He also borrowed from a well-to-do neighbor, James Harrah, in order to buy the absolute necessities in farm equipment. The interest rate was 10%. I can remember Harrah's grandsons, the Millers, visiting father on "interest day". Father never used a check book until after we came to Madison County. Few farmers did.

By comparison we were as well off, or better off, than the majority of our neighbors. Our farm consisted of 80 acres. One half of it had not been cleared of heavy timber. So father had to







Taken at old Smith home in Jackson county in 1902  
May Livingston, Ed M., and daughter Ruth, Eva, Rilla McNeilly and daughter Ruth

support a family of six from a not too productive 40 crop acres.

By modern concepts we boys were underprivileged, but in reality we had a favored boyhood. Mother was an excellent cook. I well remember she made a specialty of elaborate Sunday dinners and steamed suet pudding was the favorite dessert. We had good beds and we apparently didn't require a great deal of medical care. I rode horseback, six miles to Fulton, twice to get small pox vaccinations — the first didn't "take". The second did and cousins and other neighbor children came in and got free vaccinations from mine. This should provoke a smile from my good son-in-law and physician, Dr. P. K. Graening.

We boys knew very few of our age except the three McNeilly cousins and other schoolmates. We seven cousins grew up together and attended the same district school. Brother Sam and I got a little wider acquaintance because Father had us attend adjoining schools, if their terms were longer than at our own school. In







that way we made boyhood friends in three school districts. I am sure this extra "book larnin" encouraged by father was due to the fact that he was denied the benefit of the public school.

Several years ago I took a few days off and drove down to eastern Iowa, the place of my birth and the scene of happy care-free boyhood days. We went down by one route and home by another. Tractors and mechanical corn pickers were at work in every neighborhood, and the job that we used to work at with sore fingers for seven long weeks, is now done in few days.

Maybe it's all to the good, but I couldn't help but think about the money that went to an eastern manufacturer instead of into the pockets of the young men who need work. And the stalk fields looked like a cyclone had recently passed over. Again we reminisced about the days when Dad made us husk two rows on each side so as to break down the stalks on only one row in five. Maybe stalk fields no longer have a feed value during the winter months. We are not crying for the "good old days". If the present method is the most economical, it's all to the good. We still have painful recollections of the cold mornings when we sat on the side of the bed and massaged our fingers in order to get them limbered sufficiently to manipulate the buttoning of our clothes. The bedroom was unheated and the dim light was from the foul smelling kerosene lamp.

Despite all this we had a happy, healthy childhood, and never so much as dreamed that we were "under-privileged". In fact we never heard that we were until some of the advocates of the "new order" told us about it a half century later.

On a recent trip to California to visit my daughter Frances Fry, on the Burlington Railroad's luxurious streamliner, the "California Zephyr," I was reminded that our boyhood home was 12 miles from the nearest railroad station. I never saw a train until our parents moved from Jackson County to Madison County when I was "going on" sixteen years of age. Our first ride was on a box car that carried some of our farm equipment and four head of horses. Brother Sam C. and I were in charge. We ate our lunch out of the food box that mother had prepared for us. Nev-





ertheless that trip was a memorable one. It gave us a bigger thrill than a world cruise would now.

### JACKSON COUNTY SCHOOL DAYS

I can easily describe from memory our old district school house. It was located on a hillside, with a wooded area on all four sides, and a creek of clear spring water at the foot of the hill. At one time the building had been painted red, so I can lay claim to the experience of having attended school in "the old red school house". It was here that I entered school when four and one-half years old. I recall how terror-stricken I became during a violent electrical storm. I "took on" in a great way and because of the storm outside and the scared four year old inside, school discipline was suspended until the storm subsided.

The school house was one and three quarter miles from our home by road and one mile by cutting across fields. We used the shorter route. All fences were of the "stake and rider" type. These rail fences were as effective in arresting snow as are picket fences used today by the state road authorities. Barb wire for fencing came into use during the early 80's.

I have often wondered just why the pioneer directors located a school where there were so many outside attractions. Maybe it was because of convenience to wood and water. The school room was heated by a huge drum stove which burned wood cut in four foot lengths. The stove top made a convenient toaster for our homemade bread spread with butter and perhaps homemade molasses. Our drinking water was carried from the numerous springs that bubbled from the white sand along Tearcoat Creek. I have visited the spot on which the school house stood, in recent years. Trees cover our old playground, where we played "town" ball.

The school house was reached by a by-road which led to the Otter Creek store and post office. The creek was often swollen by rain or snow; the overhanging stone bluffs, the hollow trees, the homes of flying squirrels, often led us far from school at the noon hour and resulted in tardiness. These outdoor adventures were great fun for the pupils — also a real headache for the teacher.





We made many excursions to distant points in the timber, through which ran a spring-fed creek. On either side of the creek were jagged bluffs, under whose overhanging cliffs we played "Indian". From our forts we made forays on the "white men". Hollow trees were inhabited by flying squirrels and the boys became near expert in stone throwing, by hand and by sling shot. We never attained the skill of David with the sling shot, but his prowess was an ever present inspiration.

The woodpeckers must have worked long and diligently to make their homes in this pioneer temple of learning. The east end of the building was literally perforated with woodpecker holes.

There were three windows on each side of the building and four big desks on each side of the school room. The desks were occupied by the older pupils, three to each desk. Rigid benches in front accommodated the younger pupils. The seating equipment was home-made and without too much regard to the shape of our anatomy. Behind the big desks which were nailed to the floor, were loose benches without any back support. It requires little imagination to appreciate the confusion when one of the long benches was tipped backward too far, and three or four boys went sprawling on the floor. The tip-overs, I should add, were not always accidental.

To add to the teacher's trials, the big woods, the stone bluffs, the stream called "Tearcoat", the hollow trees containing flying squirrels, the young hickories we would climb and then swing to the ground, all were an inducement to noon hour tardiness. In the summer time there was creek bathing in nature's garb and in winter, games of "Fox and Geese", "Shinny on the Ice", etc. Snow ball "fights" were standard recreation during the winter terms.

One of my school day tribulations was frosted toes. We made our own paths across the fields. Leather boots with copper toes were the only footwear then in use. When I was fifteen my parents bought me a pair of felt boots. No luxury since that day has ever given me more comfort. I still revere the memory of the man who invented felt boots some seventy years ago.





Pupils stood in a line that reached across the room, and read in turn from "head to foot" of class. Every lesson was introduced by words and their definitions, and we were required to spell and each syllable was pronounced after spelling; then we defined each word. In pronunciation the pupils were given both the correct and the incorrect way of pronunciation.

There were neither maps, pictures nor other furnishings or equipment. There were no notebooks or pencils. The older pupils had slates without covered frames, and you can imagine the noise and confusion when the teacher ordered "Get out your slates".

We had no places to keep our books and supplies. We didn't need it badly. A spelling book, a mental arithmetic, a dirty slate, on which erasures were often made by "hand" constituted the equipment. Later came geography and history books. Truly these were the days of the three R's in rural learning. We doubt if the total equipment of that school cost the taxpayers more than \$50.00.

Modern educators may say these boys succeeded in spite of their early school environment and meager advantages. Maybe so, but we suggest that meager advantages often develop initiative and self-reliance. Also, that the personal contact with a good teacher in a small one room school has inspired many a boy and girl to strive for success while those whose parents could indulge them, unintentionally deprived them of the stimulus that makes for character building. The pupils of the old time rural school in eastern Iowa came from homes where frugality was not a choice but a necessity. Youngsters devised their own entertainment. That developed self-reliance and courage. The long winter evenings, with all the family around the center table made for a wholesome family life. Few books and newspapers were read, but they were carefully read and well digested.

We think it worth noting that the McGuffey textbooks first gained acceptance in the midwest rather than in the New England states. Doubtless they were too plebeian to win the immediate





favor of those who boasted ancestry leading back to the days of the Mayflower.

Years afterward, I was duly licensed to teach school. In the preparation for pedagogy I heard how all important was the element they called "love of the work". I have concluded that many of my boyhood teachers must have been richly endowed with that love, for they certainly were not attracted by the financial rewards. One of the best teachers of my childhood, Thomas Lambe, was paid \$14.00 per month. I have no idea how thorough was his training, but his pupils respected him and enjoyed giving him their best efforts.

When final appraisal is made of these early day teachers, of most of them it may be said; "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord".

Thomas Lambe's success in that old red school house reminds me that someone long ago defined a college as "A student at one end of a log and Mark Hopkins at the other". I didn't awaken to the importance of an education until I had about reached the age when the younger generation have completed their courses in higher education.

During the time when I was serving as Iowa's Secretary of State, I had the very rare pleasure of visiting one of my first teachers, Linus Blank, in the old red school house located in the timber that was then plentiful in Jackson County. My older brother, Jim, my cousin, Frank McNeilly and myself posed for a picture with our "teacher" then 86 years old. He enjoyed good health, mentally and physically. The four of us made up a group whose total age was 303 years at that time.

## THE MCGUFFEY DAYS

These were the days of the McGuffey textbooks and Ray's Arithmetics. Our McGuffey's were the 1865-66 editions published by Wilson, Hinkle and Company, and later by Sargent Wilson & Co.

Through all these years I have kept my McGuffey books and





they are to become the property of Frances, my youngest daughter now living in California.

I notice that people of my age have something akin to reverence for their childhood school books. I could write on and on about the primitive conditions of the country schools of the 70's and 80's but it might crowd out other things more essential to a family history.

To the late Henry Ford, himself a "McGuffeyite", great credit is due for the revival of interest in the McGuffey school books. Later the American Book Company published a most praiseworthy book, "Wm. Holmes McGuffey and his Readers." New editions of these readers may be purchased from the Dearborn Publishing Co. of Dearborn, Michigan.

### MY SCHOOL BOOKS

I have before me some of my old McGuffey textbooks that I used from 1875 until 1886 when we moved to Madison County. That they are in a fair condition is probably due to the fact that mother sewed cloth covers on all our school textboks.

The books include McGuffey's spelling book, second, third, fourth reader and a fifth reader that I later purchased. Many of the lessons in these textbooks made lasting impressions on me. Whether this was due to a dearth of other reading or to the quality of Mr. McGuffey's selections is debatable. Maybe both factors were involved.

Even in the second reader, from which we recited in the middle 70's, love of birds is inculcated in many lessons. In Lesson No. 5 :

"If ever I see  
On bush or tree  
Young birds in a pretty nest  
I must not in play  
Steal the young birds away  
To grieve their mother's breast"

Religious belief was emphasized in many; third reader Lesson 38 :

"Mother who made the stars which light  
The beautiful blue sky?"





Who made the moon, so clear and bright  
That rises up so high?  
T'was God my child, the Glorious One,  
He formed them by his power;  
He made alike the brilliant sun  
And every leaf and flower."

For pathos, what could be more touching than Lesson No. 71 in McGuffey's fourth reader? The two brothers who met in mortal combat, presumably in the War of the Rebellion, since the copyright date was 1866.. Verse No. 4:

"He spoke but once, and I could not hear  
The words he said for the cannon's roar;  
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear—  
Oh God! I had heard that voice before."

This chapter on the McGuffey Days is already too lengthy. I will close with a quotation from page 88 of "Wm. Holmes McGuffey and his Readers".

"It is acknowledged by the testimonies of men and women of every social level and of every occupation and profession whose early education came under the influence of the McGuffey Readers that the social teachings of these books were major controls throughout a lifetime. Historians and sociologists have acknowledged the great influence of these readers in shaping the character of the civilization of the Middle West."

### BOYHOOD RECREATION

You grandchildren well may smile when I relate our boyhood recreation. We saved yarn from wool stocking tops and made our own baseballs. We later learned that cotton twine made a harder more serviceable ball. We saved every piece of twine that wrapped our store purchases. Somehow we came in possession of a Spaulding pattern. Using this pattern we cut ball covers from the "calf" tops of leather boots and made very serviceable ball covers. We made our hickory ball bats with a drawing knife. To obtain a smooth finish, we used a piece of window glass.

When I was about fourteen, my two oldest brothers became players on a baseball team. Brother Jim was the best catcher in that vicinity. When two strikes were on the batter, Jim stood





close to the batter and caught with bare hands, a test of courage, and willingness to take physical punishment.

There were no dog licenses required in those days. We owned three dogs, "Old Rock" our "varmint" dog, "Brandy," a useless old stove hound, and a beautiful little tan colored dog, "Guess," that I taught to "sit up". Later I possessed a black English Shepherd that was very intelligent. She would open or shut unlatched doors, and, as I carried two pails of milk to the house, she would open one of those chain and weight gates and hold it open until I had passed through. Whether a dog is a nuisance or "Man's best friend" depends on the breeding of the dog and the intelligence of its master. I may be extremely old-fashioned, but I believe every boy, if possible, should enjoy the companionship of a dog. It's the best of all methods of teaching a boy kindness to animals.

My brother Sam, Cousin Frank McNeilly and I devised the greater part of our amusement and recreation. Some of it was far from creditable. It could only be condoned by the fact that normal boys must have some outlet for their energy. Some of our "games" were designed to promote courage and they did that to me at least.

For instance, one of the self-invented games was to stir up a nest of bumble bees until they were extremely angry and looking for a place to use their one and only weapon of defense. Each of us had our station, an equal distance from the nest. Our weapon of defense was a paddle about four inches wide and a foot in length. When a big black angry bee came near, we hit him with the first swing or got stung. Naturally we were vigilant in self-defense and I can truthfully assert that it was a real test of courage. To run from your station was considered to be rank cowardice.

Frank, brother Sam and I managed to get into more or less mischief. While some of our escapades were the result of thoughtlessness, they must have been vexatious to our parents. I will cite one incident, and many more could be related after this lapse of more than sixty years.

Brother Sam, cousin Frank and I, before we were old enough





to do field work, walked through the fields to save distance to the old red school house. There was almost no pocket money in those days, so when we found a recently deceased steer in the Hickson pasture, we conceived the idea of cutting three six-inch strips of hide that extended from horns to tail. These we planned to tan in Mother's soft soap barrel and thus have excellent material to make cattle whips. Here I should add that there wasn't a store-made whip on the farm till I was a grown man. Money was a scarce commodity and we did without what in later years were considered necessities.

But back to the dead steer which, when we finished skinning, must have resembled a barber pole. When Hickson's farm hands came to remove the hide they soon located our tanning material in the cleft of a nearby bluff. A visit to our school followed, and it required no Pinkerton to put together the incriminating evidence. I can truthfully state that we didn't realize we were engaged in wrong-doing. We had seen other dead cattle in the Hickson pastures that had not been skinned. Hence we decided that this steer wouldn't be. After all these years, I marvel at my Dad's and my Uncle James McNeilly's good natured forbearance concerning the worry we must have caused them.

Father was lenient in one respect and allowed us to possess and use guns at an early age. My first gun was an old Springfield musket of the type that was used in the Civil War of 1861-65. It was so heavy that I couldn't hold it out to draw a "bead". But in time I was able to bag a few rabbits.

Seriously though, as a result of our early training, all of my brothers loved to hunt — my brother Sam and I particularly. My brother Sam kept a diary of a sort during the years when he was going to school, and that he became proficient in the use of firearms is indicated by a note which he made on November 15, 1890. It is as follows:

"Frank and I went hunting in the forenoon. We got five rabbits and one pheasant with six shots."

Another note from his diary while he was teaching in Jones





County, on the same subject, does not indicate quite such fine marksmanship. It is as follows:

"October 25, 1890. Shellie Pangburn and I went hunting today. We got two rabbits, one squirrel and about ten million beggar lice. I enjoyed hunting in the morning but got rather tired in the afternoon."

## FROM JACKSON TO MADISON COUNTY

One of the red letter events of my boyhood was the sale of the 80-acre farm in Jackson County where I was born. Even at that age, Father had talked to me of his desire for a larger place. My two older brothers had begun to "work out". Jim, as we called him, hired to Moses Blank. His wage was \$18.00 per month. Will, the next in age, was at the parental home longer, because for several years before leaving Jackson County, father rented and operated the nearby Sneath farm of 160 acres, and it fell on Will J. to do a large part of the additional farm work.

A neighbor, Jerry Coakley, bought our 80 in the fall of 1885. The price was \$40.00 per acre. Father began looking for another farm, first going to Jones County and later to Madison County, where he bought what was then known as the DeLoss Cutler farm of 220 acres, located in Jackson Township, 6½ miles west of Winterset, on the West Star Road. I am quite certain that father's interest in Madison County was due to the fact that some Jackson County neighbors had already located here, among them, the Harrahs, the Overhulsers, and the Leinemanns, who were neighbors of ours in Jackson County.

A farm sale was held in Jackson County, but we kept two teams of horses, some household goods and a few pieces of farm machinery, which made a crowded load. Sam and I came with the stock car; father and mother remained in Jones County with the McNeillys for a week, while Will, Sam and I were setting up things on the farm west of Winterset. I recall my parents telling me how concerned they were over carrying all of their cash savings (\$6,000.00) with them on their trip to Madison County.

We arrived in Winterset on the evening of March 4, 1886, in





the midst of a heavy snow storm. We unloaded the horses and spent the first night in the Childers hotel, north of the old depot. How good that bed felt after two days and two nights on the freight. But all during the night the motion of the swaying box car remained. At last I dreamed I was still in the box car with the four head of horses.

At this point I am going to include a few paragraphs about Jackson Township and Madison County, because most of my life and that of my family has been here, and a little of the early history may be of interest to those descendants coming along in the future.

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The Indian title to the land of which Madison County is a part was relinquished in 1845. It is not known that any person, white, red or black, stepped foot into Madison County before 1846, for other purposes than hunting, exploration and trapping.

To Hiram Hurst is given the distinction of being the first person to settle in Madison County. He came from Buchanan County, Missouri, and as nearly as anyone can compute the time, found his way into that part of Madison County known as Crawford Township in April 1846. Others also from Buchanan County followed soon after. The newcomers were the now well known Clanton, Clark and Guye families.

Madison County lies in the south central part of Iowa, in the third tier of counties north of Missouri. In form it is an approximate square, and includes sixteen townships. Madison County was originally attached to Marion County and remained so until the year 1849.

There is more than one account of how Winterset, the county seat, came by its name. The one generally accepted is about as follows:

Among other events related by him in an article published in the *History of Madison County* (1879), a Mr. A. D. Jones has this to say in relation to the subject —

“Combs, Bishop and Gentry were the first county commissioners. The commissioners who located the county seat



## 625742

called it "Independence", to which name I took exception and suggested that the name be not accepted by the county commissioners. I gave as reasons that there were other towns in the state by that name, and that it would produce confusion in our mail matter, together with other plausible arguments.

The commissioners concluded not to accept the name. Then came the difficulty to obtain a suitable name, for the new town. At last some person suggested Summerset as the name, to which Bill Combs, who was lying down on a bench roused up, and quite petulantly remarked that 'you had better call it Winterset', in derision, for we had a terrible scourge with the deep snow that winter. I at once suggested that would be a good name. Then Combs took exception to that, for he said it would prevent persons from coming to a county that was so cold that they adopted cold names for their towns. I examined the postal register and found nothing like it except Winterseat in the state of North Carolina. I commenced urging the name and writing it and sticking it upon the wall, until I got them familiar with it, when the commissioners adopted and recorded it."

Jackson Township, our home after 1886, was organized in May 1860. The North River passes through it from west to east. Along this stream the settlers found an abundance of timber and stone not only for the needs of this township, but its neighbor, Penn, which had little, if any, timber within its borders. The general surface of the county is somewhat rolling — an ideal livestock and grain country.

Alfred Rice, and a man by the name of Phelon, are said to have been the first settlers in the township, coming here in 1850. John Rose came from Illinois early in 1852 and settled on the banks of North River. His nearest neighbor was six miles away and he was compelled to haul logs to Winterset for lumber. The nearest grist mill was at Indianola, and not being very reliable as to its running days, the last resort was hand ground corn meal with which to make bread.

Other early settlers were O. B. Bissell, John G. Fox, James G. Beck and Thomas Stewart. Some of the later, but still early set-





lers are mentioned by name in that part of this history having to do with my brother Will.

## LATER EDUCATION AND TEACHING EXPERIENCE

My grandchildren may wonder why I did not get the advantage of a higher education. The answer is this. When my older brothers were of high school age, father was struggling to pay off the mortgage on the farm. Consequently, he couldn't finance my older brothers, James and William, in securing a higher education. My father was one who found it difficult to discuss serious questions with his children. However, I recall as vividly as though it were yesterday, a conversation that took place while we were working up the year's wood supply on the farm west of Winterset.

He didn't approach the matter of my education directly, but did say that since he was unable to help my brothers, James and William in the matter of higher education, in fairness to all, Samuel and I would have to be on our own. I saw the justice of his reasoning and made no objection. Then it was that my dear mother came to my financial rescue.

The sale of the poultry and eggs was her only source of cash income. She had hoarded that fund against a day of real need. So she offered to finance my school costs for the fall and winter term at Dexter Normal Academy, and I was to repay from the proceeds of my first term of teaching school. I taught my first term at No. 8, Jackson Township, Madison County in the winter of 1892 and 93 and repaid mother's loan at the close of the term. I also taught Jackson No. 7 and No. 5, and for one year was principal and teacher of the Patterson school.

I record the above to show that dollars were not plentiful in the Smith family in the early 90's, also to note my father's determination to show no partiality between his four sons. You will notice the reference to "James and William". Father and mother would not think of using abbreviated names for their children. It was "James", "William" and "Samuel". In my case, they never





called me "Edward" but "Eddie" and this appellation stayed with me until I was grown, married and had my own home. Maybe their love for the baby of the family had something to do with continuing the "Eddie". I am only speculating as to that.

What a debt of gratitude I owe to my teacher, Cousin Carrie Carrick, who inspired me to studious efforts after I was "man grown", as they used to say. Today I am just a little out of harmony with the generally accepted idea that you can, with any degree of success, crowd a college course into the heads of boys and girls in their early teens. It was Cousin Carrie Carrick who persuaded me to take up the study of language which I had disdained. The rural schools of that time had no course of study and as I recall, each pupil decided on what he or she wanted to study. It truly was the day of the three R's.

In the fall of 1891 when I attended the Dexter Normal School, I began to realize how much I owed to my Cousin Carrie and through her, more than anyone else, I was encouraged to work for an education. I decided later to secure a state teacher's certificate, which then was considered a worth while recognition.

In order to pass a state examination I had to prepare in five subjects, including algebra and botany, which I had never studied. So during the summer months, I carried text books to the farm fields. With well trained horses and a riding plow, I was able to read across the half mile field, only closing the text book long enough to make the turns at the end of the field.

My next step was to take the examination for state certificate in the big committee room back of the Senate Chamber of the Iowa State House, December 29-30, 1896. I learned later that many applicants for the coveted honor of a state certificate were excused from taking branches in which they had a high rating in county certificates. Not being informed on that score, I waded in and passed in the eighteen subjects in two days. What I have here related may not mean so much to the youth of today, who have had four years of college. To me who had not had that advantage, it meant a great deal, and I am inserting a letter, giving my subjects and grades.





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

Ed. M. Smith, Editor and Publisher

August 1, 1951

The Winterset *Madisonian*

Winterset, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Pursuant to your request received at this office on August 27th, I have on this date gone to the record as Al Smith used to say, and find that subjects required for a state certificate in the 90's were as follows:

Edward Murray Smith—December 29-30, 1896

Subject	Grade
Arithmetic	94
English Grammar	82
Geography	90
U. S. History	85
Orthography	90
English Language	85
Reading	84
Writing	88
Bookkeeping	97
Physiology	93
Algebra	78
Natural Philosophy	86
Botany	91
Civics and Economics	87
Didactics	84
Drawing	92

Very truly your,

JESSIE M. PARKER

Superintendent of Public Instruction

By R. A. Griffin, Legal Advisor.

I have written news and editorials for more than fifty years, as editor of the Winterset *Madisonian*. Despite this experience, I have a feeling of incompetence in writing a family history. I have had no guide to follow. Should it be largely historical, with data of births, dates, marriage and death? Or should it be a





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

more intimate story of parental character and the influence that shaped their lives? My hope is that I may have hit on a happy medium.

It is with this in mind that some of that which follows is more or less a biography of myself. My hope is that future generations of the Smith family may be interested in the reminiscences of the last of my generation of the Smiths.

I was born on a farm twelve miles north of Maquoketa, in Otter Creek Township of Jackson County, on October 31, 1870. I was baptized in a country school house a short distance southwest of our home, known as the "Black" school because of nearby residents, Robert and Isaac Black. Here the Presbyterians of that vicinity had preaching occasionally and held Sunday School regularly for several years.

I recently visited this hallowed spot where I had received the rites of baptism. A new school rests on the old foundation. On our old place, about a mile northeast, a new modern cottage replaces the house in which I was born.

I moved from the farm to Winterset on January 1, 1898, to serve as Madison County Superintendent of Schools. At that time neither brother Sam C. nor I were married. We rented a room from Reverend Benjamin Ely in the Presbyterian manse. My marriage on June 1st broke up our room partnership, but Sam C. continued to room there until he was married the following year.

### The Winterset *Madisonian*

On September 1, 1899 Homer Thompson and I bought from Fred Strong & Son, the Winterset *Madisonian*, established by James Iler in 1856. Mr. Iler wrote me a very interesting letter for an anniversary edition published in 1906, when the paper was fifty years old.

He started the paper in 1856 when "hard times" came to Madison County. He related that at the end of the first year he couldn't collect sufficient money on his accounts to pay his grocery bills.

He moved from here to Nebraska by the covered wagon route.





From there he and his wife made a trip to the Black Hills. On their return, they were attacked by Indians and Mrs. Her was killed by an Indian arrow.

Perhaps I should add here that I became acquainted with Mr. Thompson, as a neighborhood correspondent for the *Madisonian* from Jackson Township. Four years later I acquired his interest, and was sole owner until January 1, 1938 when I sold a half interest to my daughter Marion, who had been working in the *Madisonian* office for twelve years, and her husband, J. C. Moore of Corydon, Wayne County, Iowa. The *Madisonian* is the oldest weekly west of the Des Moines River and has now been in the same family for fifty-three years.

While I held public office at three different periods, I can truthfully state that the office of County Superintendent of Schools was the only one I really sought. In the summer of 1897 I became a candidate for the nomination of County Superintendent of Schools. There were three other candidates for the nomination, all of whom were older than myself and had had more teaching experience. I made a house to house canvass by team, by road cart and on horseback and won by a surprisingly big plurality. I denied a good many applications to teach and made myself unpopular and was defeated in the next primary election. This defeat I later realized to be a fortunate turn of events. It was at the end of that year that the *Madisonian* was offered for sale.

In 1916 I "yielded to the urging of friends" and became a candidate for the Iowa Senate and was elected. I served through four regular sessions or 8 years and, as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, also served through one special session called for the purpose of codifying the Iowa statutes, which were scattered through several volumes, so that not even the lawyers (much less laymen) could determine the laws of the State. With the aid of Representative E. P. Harrison of Pottawattamie County, and the State Code Editor, Mr. Whitney, the Iowa statutes were condensed into one volume of convenient size. In that same session Mr. Harrison and I rewrote and codified the laws governing Iowa's public printing. After a lapse of 25 years I regard my





part in the preparation of the above to be a most worthwhile accomplishment.

While the general public has long since forgotten my part in the code revision, my vanity should be appeased by the fact that the Iowa code of today still carries my name and the other four members of the revision committee in the "preface" to the present code.

I was also co-author of the so-called Budget bill, which gave the taxpayers the right to appeal and express themselves on public expenditures. I regard the budget legislation as my outstanding accomplishment in the Iowa legislature.

When I returned from the Code revision session, I rejoiced in the fact that my public work was over, and I could devote my time and energy to my newspaper. My plans were interrupted in the year 1928 when Walter Ramsey, Iowa's Secretary of State, died suddenly. Governor John Hammill called and urged me to accept the vacancy appointment to that office. I was inclined to reject the offer. However, my most intimate friends thought I could afford to neglect my own affairs for the experience I would gain in the office, which included membership on the State's executive Council. I took office on February 15, 1928, served the balance of the term, and was re-elected for the full term at the fall election.

While I was serving as secretary of state, the Motor Vehicle department was a branch of my office. We changed the numbering of the auto licenses of cars, and since then the counties have been numbered alphabetically, starting with Adair as No. 1, and ending with Wright, No. 99. Before this the counties had been numbered according to population, which caused no end of confusion, since the county numbers changed nearly every year.

Three years passed and the Republican leaders were looking for a candidate for Governor on the Republican primary ticket to oppose Dan W. Turner of Corning. Against my better judgment I announced my candidacy and was defeated. It was with a feeling of definite relief that I returned to Winterset to give my full time to the work I enjoyed, the publication of the Winterset





*Madisonian* and the operation of my farms. I owned and operated some 300 acres, two miles south of Winterset, for a number of years.

As to some of my interests and activities here in my own community of Winterset, I might add for the "record" that I am a member of the local chapter of the Knights of Pythias, a thirty-second degree Mason and a Shriner. I have been a member of the First Presbyterian church of Winterset since I was twenty-one years old and have been a member longer than any other of today's members.

Editor's Note: In reading proof of this history, I wish to add that when my great grand-daughter Patricia Ann Gorman was baptized on Easter Sunday, April 13, 1952, she was a member of the fifth generation of my family whose names are on the Winterset Presbyterian church rolls: My parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith, who joined in 1886; myself, my daughter Marion Smith Moore, and her husband J. C., and my grandson and his wife, John Edward and Ruth Gorman, who are all active members.

In 1922 I helped to organize the Winterset Chapter of Rotary and thus became a charter member.

While serving as Secretary of State and living in Des Moines, I was elected to membership in the Prairie Club of that city. This club, which the late Senator A. B. Cummins helped organize in 1900, is made up of outstanding business and professional men; its general purpose is to afford a forum for careful and sometimes profound discussion of important subjects.

During my younger years, I played golf, and was city champion of the local club several years. I also retained my fondness of fishing and hunting as long as my health permitted.

I was one of the first Presidents of the Iowa State press association, serving during 1922 and 1923, and was given the Master Editor-Publisher award in 1933, the fourth editor in the state to be so honored, after its inception in 1932.

I would like to here include just a word about the Madison County Memorial hospital in Winterset, which was formally dedicated in 1950. A modern hospital long had been a need in Madi-





son county, and on February 10, 1945, it became a necessity; that was the day when the old Winterset hospital closed its doors. Late in April of that year, I issued a call for an informal meeting to be held at the Court House in Winterset. A. A. Richards presided at the meeting. A hospital project was discussed, and as a result of this meeting the Madison County Memorial association was formed with myself as president. A board of directors was elected representing various parts of the county.

At the time the project was launched, it was estimated that an adequate hospital could be built and equipped for \$150,000, but the actual final cost was well over \$500,000. This included the equipment.

I was happy that, through the *Madisonian*, I was in a position to keep the project alive and before the people of Madison county. The *Madisonian's* editorials and news stories publicized the needs, and two \$100,000 bond issues were carried in the county; the first one in 1945 carried by the remarkable vote of 94.8% favorable, the second in 1948, with an 85% favorable vote. At the time of each bond issue, money was raised by popular subscription, \$55,000 in 1945, and then three years later after the war, when building costs had skyrocketed, \$88,000 was raised within two weeks. I might add here, that my son-in-law and daughter, J. C. and Marion Moore, and our news man Paul White worked night and day, helping tabulate the amounts pledged and donated, and on December 8th, issued a special hospital edition. While the cost was contributed by men, women and children from all walks of life, the completion of the hospital was one of the most gratifying experiences of my life. I was pleased to have a part in the laying of the cornerstone of the hospital, and again in the dedication and "open house" held at the time of its completion, June 10, 1950, when 4500 people attended the formal opening.

### MY BROTHERS

When one starts to compile what is commonly called a "Family History" the first attention logically seems directed toward one's ancestors, and I have tried to include herein as much about my







The four brothers, Edward M., Samuel C., William J., and James A. Smith

ancestors as is available. I have tried, and believe I have succeeded in indicating that they were strong people, mentally and physically, God fearing people, from whom one can be proud to be a descendant.

It seems to me, however, that such a history as this could not be considered complete without having something in the record about my family, and (for the benefit of my grandchildren and others) my three brothers in particular.

### JAMES ALEXANDER SMITH

As I have mentioned elsewhere, my three brothers were all born in Brookline, Massachusetts, while I was born in Iowa. My brother James Alexander Smith, the oldest, was born on April 28, 1862 and was about eight years old when my parents moved to Jackson County, Iowa. He was the first of the four to be married. He married Martha Johnson in 1888 in Des Moines, where







he lived the remainder of his life. They had one child, Margaret, now Mrs. Lloyd Pashong. The Pashongs have a daughter, Patty Lou. They now live in California. Patty Lou married Richard Gardner on August 25, 1950. Martha Johnson Smith was born in Van Buren County, Iowa, in or near Birmingham, I think. She passed away in Los Angeles, California, on July 28, 1949 at the age of 86.

My brother James was one of the kindest men I have ever known. Younger people especially were attracted to him. For instance, one of my nephews, Murray D. Smith, who travelled between Winterset and other places on many occasions, never went through Des Moines (even if only between trains) without stopping to see his Uncle Jim.

His formal schooling was somewhat limited. He never had the time nor opportunity to attend school as much as my brother Samuel and I. However, he made up a large part of this deficiency through his own efforts, because his writing and grammar were "well nigh" perfect.

For many years he was employed by the local gas company in Des Moines. One of his lifelong friends, as a result of this association, was Miss Anna Cummins, the youngest sister of the late Albert B. Cummins, who was Governor of Iowa for three terms and United States Senator from Iowa until his death in 1925.

Jim's work in the last twenty or twenty-five years of his life, however, was with the Homesteaders Life Association of Des Moines. In their company magazine of March 1930, under the column "Home Office Force at Play" (which perhaps in this instance is not entirely appropriate, but which was intended to give an intimate glimpse into the lives of those in the Home Office), a very fine picture of Jim is shown, and he is holding his granddaughter.

The following is in part what they said about him:

"And here's a fine youngster  
Of excellent pith;  
Fate tried to conceal him  
By naming him Smith."





"These lines from the pen of the immortal Oliver Wendell Holmes express the handicap of numbers which the members of the Smith family find it necessary to overcome. However, it would appear that practically all members of this large family, from the author of "My Country 'tis of Thee" down the line to the well known brothers Trade and Mark of cough drop fame, are able to maintain their individuality.

"The immediate branch of the family that this article most concerns has contributed to the world an editor, an attorney, the present Secretary of State and without doubt the next Governor of the Commonwealth of Iowa, and last but by no means least, our own J. A. Smith, Auditor and member of the Home Office force.

"He was one of a family of four brothers born of a Scotch Irish family. His parents were both natives of North Ireland. His father was a sailor who made one trip to Africa and another to the West Indies before coming to America. His mother who remained in Ireland until the money could be earned for her passage was shipwrecked on the voyage over and spent seven weeks drifting on the ocean before reaching America.

" 'J. A.' as he is known to his friends and associates became identified with the force about twenty years ago. He is a man of sterling character, possessing a lovable personality, and the passing of years has failed to lessen his enthusiasm or obscure his ideals. The proudest of all his possessions is his little granddaughter Patty Lou who sits so trustingly in his arms in the picture.

"He is a lover of all clean sports, his chief hobby is golfing, and those who are familiar with the game say that he swings a wicked mashie. He is a frequent entrant in golfing tournaments and has approached to within runner-up distance for the city championship. He is a member of the Presbyterian church and a willing worker. While he happens to be on the opposite side of the political fence from ourselves, yet we admire him for his devotion to the ideals of his party and for the cause of good government, both civil and state.





"More than twenty years of loyal service in the interest of the association is the record of J. A. Smith."

Jim passed to his reward on October 10, 1935, at the age of 73.

### WILLIAM JOHN SMITH

My brother William John was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, on April 7, 1864 and was about six years old when my parents moved to Jackson County.

Will married Sarah (Sadie) Ford on September 3, 1892. The Ford family, along with the Shermans, Devaults, Robinsons, Bairds, Jones, Estells, Crawfords, Speers, McConkles, Niblos, Meachems, Lees, Becks, Spences and Sawhills, were among the earlier settlers of Jackson and Douglas Townships. Will decided on a farming career. This may have been somewhat influenced by his lack of a formal education, but I believe he really was cut out for a farmer and loved farming. Will's family was the largest of the four brothers, they having had two sons, Glen and Frank, and four daughters, Helen Wright, Bessie Clampitt, Laura Black and Gertrude Shoemaker.

Of my three brothers, Will was the least talkative, being somewhat taciturn unless you knew him. However, he did have a keen sense of humor, and could enjoy a good joke with anybody. Will had as high a sense of honor as I have ever known in any man.

For many years, the farm which Will and Sadie operated was within a short distance of the original homestead in Madison county. In fact, the creek which ran through our property also ran through theirs, and one corner of the farm touched the old homestead at one point.

Further reference to the children will be found in the appendix. The children are all successful farmers or wives of successful farmers, and have numerous children of their own, and have all taken up residence in Madison County or nearby, except Glen, the eldest, who lives in Wisconsin.

Will died on August 15, 1944 at the age of 80. Sadie, at the time of this writing (1952) is still alive and spends most of her





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

time visiting her children, although Winterset will always be her home.

### SAMUEL CRAIG SMITH

My brother Samuel Craig was born in Brookline, Massachusetts on February 4, 1868 and was one and one-half years old when my parents moved to Jackson County. Because we were nearer the same age, probably, more of my boyhood and early manhood recollections were associated with him. Largely through his own effort, he secured a higher education. He attended Dexter Normal College, which I also attended. By teaching at Center Junction, Iowa, and elsewhere, he was able to finance his way through two years of Liberal Arts at Iowa State Teachers College at Cedar Falls. Then, having decided to become a lawyer, he attended the University of Iowa in 1895-96-97, graduating with the Law Class of 1897. Immediately thereafter he took up the practice of law at Winterset, where he was a successful lawyer until the time of his death in 1929. At the time of his death, he was also president of the Winterset Savings Bank.

Samuel Craig married Myrtle Dabney on December 20, 1899, and they have four children, Murray, Carleton, Florence and Courtney Craig (the name being used to carry on the old Courtney and Craig family names). Of some interest, perhaps, is that Carleton Smith and Courtney Smith both have boys about the same age. They were both named Craig.

The Dabneys, like the Fords, were our neighbors in Jackson township in Madison County, the Dabneys living about two miles away, the Fords about one mile.

Sam C., as we always called him, was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian church, and for many years was Treasurer of the church. At one time he was County Attorney, and also City Attorney. He was a Mason, and in addition, was deeply interested in the Knights of Pythias. The year before his death he was elected Vice Chancellor of the Grand Chapter of the Knights of Pythias.

On April 13, 1898, one year after my brother Sam was out of Law School, a number of young men in Winterset got together





and formed an organization, which later became Company A of the Third Regiment of the Iowa National Guard. Sam C. was elected Captain, J. J. Crossley, my wife's brother, was made First Lieutenant and J. E. Tidrick, Second Lieutenant. This company, as a part of the famous Rainbow Division in World War I, was one of the most outstanding of many distinguished companies. By that time my brother Sam was beyond the age to participate, but he never lost interest in the National Guard. A further reference to our early training with firearms is evidenced by his having acquired numerous medals for marksmanship during the years he was active in the National Guard.

Sam C. was the first of my brothers to die, the date of his death being December 26, 1929, at the age of 61. His widow, Myrtle Dabney Smith, is still well and active and lives in Iowa City, Iowa. The four children are Murray D. Smith, born September 18, 1901—of Aurora, Illinois; Carleton D. Smith, born February 16, 1905, now of Rye, New York; Florence Van Syoc, born March 28, 1907, now living in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Courtney Craig, born December 20, 1916, who resides in Princeton, New Jersey.

Murray, the oldest of Sam's children, married Mary Helen Pease on July 31, 1923. Carleton married Anne Stiles Jones on February 26, 1927. Florence, the only girl in the family, married Wayland Bryce Van Syoc on September 25, 1943. Courtney married Elizabeth Bowden Proctor on October 12, 1939.

I have no hesitation in saying that I am proud of all my brothers' children as well as my own, and have been very happy indeed that I have lived to know them and their families and enjoy their success in their chosen fields.

There is an old saying which may have had some truth in fact, possibly to those who acquired sudden wealth more than others. The saying is that "It is but three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves," but that has not been borne out in the Smith family in a single instance. I mention this rather trite old saying because one can and does take a fair measure of pride in seeing the new generations progress.





At the time of Sam's death, Judge W. S. Cooper, who had practiced law in Winterset during his entire career, prepared a memorial to him, which, coming as it did, from a fellow barrister, I have always felt indicated how highly he was respected in his community. The following is taken from that memorial:

"The trial table never appealed to Sam C. so much as the counsel table; he was recognized as a sound and safe adviser; his counsel on business propositions was always good, and this class of business appealed to him more than the rough and tumble of the contest.

"Sam C. was absolutely honest with his clients, with counsel on the other side, with the witnesses in the case, and with the court. His word, given professionally, was never questioned, and his promises were always kept. He was a man on whom anyone could rely.

"In court, Sam C. never posed as an orator; he was never dramatic; he never appealed to the back seats or the gallery; he tried his case to the court, and his arguments were concise and logical; his statements were clear, followed each other in their natural order, and led to correct conclusions. While never a showy man, he was a lawyer of more than ordinary ability

"During the last few days of his life, I visited him at the hospital a number of times. His talk was not of himself, or of his own condition, but always of the kindness of his friends, of how much he appreciated the thoughtfulness of those who wrote, who sent flowers or messages to him, and he said that he never before had appreciated so fully the fact that almost everyone was at heart really good and kind, and full of a willingness and desire to help. His thought was not of himself, but of his family and he left a family of whom any man might be proud. I was with him for some time the Friday before his death, at a time when he knew his condition, and felt that he would probably not survive. He had no fear of death; he spoke of the comfort the reciting of the twenty-third psalm gave him. He was praying to be spared not for himself; except as he said, that if he did live, he might be of more use to others than he had been before, but he was asking to be spared that he might be of further aid to his loved ones, especially to his youngest son, Courtney, but he faced the ordeal of the operation with the probable end





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

with a courage that was marvelous. No man who had not lived a clean and Christian life could face death with the composure with which he faced it.

"Sam C. Smith was a useful citizen, a wise counselor, a valiant knight. He was my friend since boyhood; I can pay him no higher compliment than to say that he was in its true sense, a Christian gentleman."

### MY OWN FAMILY

I was united in marriage to Evalyn Bell Crossley of Crawford township, Madison County, Iowa, on June 1st, 1898. She was the eldest daughter of John W. and Cynthia Jane (Hardy) Crossley. John Crossley died in 1926 and his wife Cynthia in 1932. The Hardys, Bells and Crossleys all came from Ohio to Madison County in covered wagons, in the early '50's. Evalyn was born and lived on a farm near Patterson in Crawford township; this farm was homesteaded by the Hardys and Crossleys, and here was located the small rural school, where she first attended and later taught her first term of school. This Crossley farm was never registered under any other family name, until Evalyn Crossley Smith and her brother, John I. Crossley (who had owned it in partnership since the death of their parents) sold it in 1946.

My wife was born September 10, 1872; she attended the rural school near her parents' farm, and the Patterson school, the old Baptist or Highland Park college in Des Moines, and later the Iowa State teachers college in Cedar Falls. As a young woman, she taught school in Patterson, St. Charles and Winterset. It was while we were both teaching in the Patterson school that we became acquainted.

The following account of our wedding was taken from a Winterset paper of June 1898. I am including it because it is of interest to my own children and I hope will be of some interest to their children:

"Today, at noon, at the home of the bride's parents in Crawford township, occurred the marriage of Mr. Ed. M. Smith and Miss Evalyn Crossley, Rev. Riheldaffer officiating.





About sixty invited guests were present, and a bounteous wedding feast was served.

"Mr. Smith is the present Madison county superintendent of schools, a young man of much ability and promise. Miss Crossley is the daughter of J. W. Crossley, a prominent farmer of Crawford township, and a sister of ex-County Superintendent James J. Crossley. She has been engaged in teaching for some time, and just finished a successful year's work as teacher in Winterset schools. She is a most lovable and accomplished young lady, one of God's noblewomen, and worthy the hand of a king.

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith start in married life with much promise, indeed, and this newspaper bespeaks for them an abundance of prosperity and happiness—a smoothly-gliding joy-flecked future. Mr. Smith has bought the Robbins property on East Washington Street recently occupied by Henry Klingensmith, and moves into the same at once."

Even in those days it was the custom for guests to enter their names in a guest book and thus, the names in the book recall the names of close friends and neighbors, as well as relatives, of that day. The following are among those who attended:

Carrie E. Carrick, Grace Blosser Bird, Winnie Ballinger, Alice Huston, Georgia Cason, Sam C. Smith, Jennie Riheldaffer, Loretta Gamble, Anna Vierling, Robert L. Huston, Daisy Winter, J. E. Winter, J. M. Browne, Elizabeth S. Stiles, R. A. Lenocker, Mattie B. Lenocker, Harvey Brown, Frederic C. Runkle, C. Ross Peters, J. G. Bird, W. J. Smith, J. A. Smith, T. J. McGinnis, J. A. Way, Lizzie McGinnis, Jennie A. Browne, John M. Smith, Mattie W. Smith, Bird O. Bell, Myrtle Dabney, Anna Corwin, Addie L. Peters, Laura Scrivener, S. L. Hiatt, Samuel Blosser, Margaret Smith, Martha Brown, T. I. Killam, Ray Stiles, Ralph Stiles, Flossie Stiles, Carrie Stiles, Nancy Scrivener, Alia Blosser, Kate Avery, C. C. Stiles.

Following our marriage in her parent's home, we went to housekeeping immediately in a five room cottage on East Washington Street in Winterset. The two older children, Marion and Ruth were born there.

Three years later we moved to North First Avenue; this was





Frances' birthplace, and we lived there until March 1910, when we moved to our present location, 603 West Court Avenue. That year we built the house that has since been our family home. It was here that Dorothy was born, August 21, 1911.

In relating the history of my children and grandchildren I have written more about my daughter Dorothy, and my grandchildren, Jane C. Graening and Harold Edward (Ted) Fry, who died in early life.



The Smith Home, Winterset

### *MARION*

The eldest of our four daughters, Marion Crossley Smith, was born March 6, 1899; she attended the public schools here, and was graduated from the Winterset high school with honors in 1917. That fall, she enrolled at the University of Iowa, at Iowa City, from which she received her B.A. degree in 1921. She was a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority, Staff and





Circle (later Mortar Board) an honorary senior women's organization, Theta Sigma Phi, honorary journalism sorority, and was one of the editors of the college newspaper, *The Daily Iowan*, and *The Hawkeye*, the college yearbook.

In September 1921 she went to Emmetsburg, Iowa, and taught in the commercial department of the high school for two years. It was here that she met John C. Gorman of Ruthven, whom she married December 31, 1923. John, a son of John and Minnie Wright Gorman was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, March 13, 1896. When a boy, he moved with his parents to Osage, and after his graduation from high school in 1914, he attended Kentucky Military Institute, at Louisville, for one year. He then attended the University of Iowa, where he was a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity. He enlisted in World War I, and served overseas with the 128th field artillery of the 35th division of the American expeditionary forces.

They first lived in Ruthven, where he owned and operated a clothing store; in 1925 they moved to Winterset, where their son John Edward Gorman was born, October 18, 1925. John was a part owner of the Rock City Oil company for several years, and later had an insurance agency here. He died November 13, 1932, following a several month's illness with ulcerative colitis. He was a member of the Masonic lodge, and served as Worshipful Master while at Ruthven. He was also actively identified with the American Legion, and was a trustee of the First Presbyterian church in Winterset. He was commander of the American Legion in Winterset when the legion pool was built, and was a vice commander of the sixth district, when he died.

Marion began working in the *Madisonian* office, when her son was small, and she assumed the management of the paper in 1928, when I went to Des Moines to be secretary of state.

She was married to J. C. Moore, Jr. of Corydon, September 24, 1937, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. They purchased a half interest in the *Madisonian* soon afterwards, and since then have assumed the operation and management of the paper.

J. C., a son of John Coe and Katherine Easley Moore, was





born near Promise City, Iowa, May 22, 1897; following his graduation from the Corydon, Iowa high school he attended Iowa State college at Ames, until he enlisted in World War I, April 12, 1917. He served 27 months in the army air corps, 23 months of which were spent in France. He was a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity, and following his discharge from the army, he engaged in farming, in Wayne county, Iowa. He served in the 46th and 47th general assemblies, of the Iowa legislature, and while in Des Moines, he met Marion.

J. C. Moore has taken an active interest not only in the publishing of the *Madisonian*, but also in civic affairs. He served for two years as president of the Board of Trustees of the Winterset Municipal Utilities, and was reappointed for a six year term on the board. Because of his legislative experience, he has helped lobby for bills favorable to the publishing industry in the state legislature and in 1949 was elected a director of the Iowa state Press Association.

He adopted Marion's son John Edward Gorman, shortly after their marriage.

Jeddy, as we have called him since childhood, was graduated from the Winterset high school in 1943. He then attended Wentworth Military Academy in Lexington, Missouri, until he enlisted in the U. S. army air corps, in the spring of 1944. He served 26 months during World War II, fourteen months of which were spent in the Phillipines, and Okinawa. Following his discharge from the army in May 1946, he enrolled at the State University of Iowa, and received his B.A. degree, majoring in Journalism, in May 1949. He is a member of Delta Tau Delta, social, and Sigma Delta Chi, honorary journalistic fraternity. On April 6, 1947, he married Ruth Fletcher of Winterset, who is a graduate of the University of Colorado. They made their home in Iowa City until after his graduation, when he accepted a position as news writer on the Bulletin Journal at Independence, Iowa.

Jeddy and Ruth Gorman moved to Winterset in April 1951, and the former commenced working at once on the *Winterset*





*Madisonian*. He now spends most of his time in the news writing department of the paper, and takes pictures, and writes feature stories. It was in the new Madison County Memorial Hospital, that my first great-grandchild, Patricia Ann Gorman was born, July 27, 1951.

Jeddy represents the third generation of my family in the publication of the paper, and it is most gratifying to me, and to his parents to have him return to "our" paper.

## RUTH

Ruth Courtney, the second daughter, was born May 23, 1900; she attended the Winterset schools and went through high school and college with her sister Marion. She was graduated from the Winterset High School in 1917 with honors and attended the State University of Iowa, from which she graduated in 1921 with a B.A. degree. She was also a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority. She majored in Political Science. During the legislative session of 1919-1920, when I was serving as State Senator, she worked as committee clerk for Senator Ball of Fairfield, Iowa, and received valuable experience in legislative procedure. Her advisor at the University was Dr. Benjamin F. Shambaugh, head of the Political Science department. He was a personal friend of Mrs. Smith's and mine, and was the author of several interesting books pertaining to Law and Political Science. Mrs. Shambaugh wrote several books on the Amana Colonies west of Iowa City.

Following her graduation, Ruth taught in the Commercial department of the Newton high school for two years, and in the Central high school in Tulsa, Oklahoma, for one year. The next year, she served as secretary to Robert Rienow, Dean of Men, at the University of Iowa, and then owned and operated "Ruth's Frock Shop" in Iowa City.

While attending the University, she met Paulus Kimball Graening, a medical student, whom she married on March 31, 1926, at the Tri Delt House in Iowa City. "P.K.," as we now call him, was born in Waverly, Iowa, on January 16, 1900, a son of the late Dr. C. H. and Dr. Adele Graening, both of whom were





graduates of the Medical School of the State University. P. K. received his B. S. degree and then his M. D. degree at the University of Iowa in June, 1926. He is a member of Phi Kappa Psi, social, and Phi Beta Pi medical fraternities. Following his graduation, Dr. and Mrs. Graening moved to Oklahoma City, where he served his internship in St. Anthony's hospital. During that year, Ruth served as secretary to Mr. James R. Barton, superintendent of the city schools. That same year, her sister Frances came to Oklahoma City to teach in Roosevelt Junior High School. The Graenings have made their home in Oklahoma City, with the exception of three years in Waverly, Iowa (1938-1941) and one year in Lake Charles, Louisiana (June 1941-June 1942).

P. K. is now an elder in the Westminster Presbyterian church in Oklahoma City, is Vice President of the Oklahoma Clinical Society, and Secretary-Treasurer of the Oklahoma County Medical Society.

The oldest of their three children, David Lee, was born in Oklahoma City on October 7, 1928. He was graduated from Classen High School in 1946, then attended Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia and the University of Oklahoma, where he was pledged to Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. He is now associated with the *Daily Oklahoman* in Oklahoma City.

Their second child, Jane Courtney, was born on September 27, 1932. She was attending high school in Oklahoma City when she became ill with acute yellow atrophy of the liver, and died three weeks later, on March 24, 1948. Jane was a sophomore at the time of her death, and as evidence of her unusual personality, the Classen High School classes of 1948, 1949, and 1950, the years when Jane would have been in school, made voluntary contributions to a Memorial Fund, in her honor and memory. So, for three successive years, a member of her class was selected to receive a loving cup and a rather substantial award of money, to be used in the pursuit of further education.

From the Award program of 1950, the following is taken. It is a fine tribute to Jane.





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

"The Jane Graening Award is given to a girl of the Class of 1950, chosen by the class, in honor of the memory of Jane Graening, who excelled in courtesy, grace, friendliness to everyone, enthusiastic support of student activities, and service and loyalty to her school."

Another award was established by the Speech department at Classen High School in memory of Jane and as a tribute to her unusual interest in The Little Theatre Group. This award is presented annually to the most outstanding sophomore student in this department and each recipient has her name engraved upon a beautiful loving cup which is displayed at all times in the trophy cabinet in the hall of the school.

The third child, Gretchen Louise Graening, was born on November 6, 1934 in Oklahoma City. She is now in her senior year at Classen high school and a member of the National Honor Society. She plans to enroll at the University of Oklahoma in the fall of 1952.

### *FRANCES*

Our third daughter, Frances Meredith, was born on January 27, 1906. She attended the public schools of Winterset and graduated from high school in 1922. Part of her freshman year in high school was spent at West High in Des Moines, during my service as Senator in the Iowa Legislature. She attended Iowa City High during her junior year in high school, where my wife established a residence in order that my daughter Dorothy could take treatments at the University Children's Hospital.

Her freshman year in college was at Grinnell college, Grinnell, Iowa, from whence she went to Iowa City where she received her B. A. degree in 1926. While at Iowa City she was a member of Delta Delta Delta social sorority, and also belonged to Erodelphian literary society. She taught English in the Roosevelt Junior High School of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma for one year following graduation. On September 3, 1927 she married Wesley Leonard Fry, whom she met during her college days at Iowa City. He was born on December 10, 1903 in Hartley, Iowa. He was the son of Samuel Fry and Alice Stribe Fry. "Wes" received





## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

his A. B. degree in 1925 and his law degree in 1927 from the State University of Iowa. Additional work was taken during his collegiate years at George Washington University in Washington, D. C., and the University of Wisconsin. He is a member of Kappa Sigma, social, and Phi Delta Phi, legal fraternities. He was an outstanding football player at the University of Iowa and was named All American fullback on several teams. He was president of the Kappa Sigmas for two years, was elected to A.F.I. (All for Iowa honorary junior society) and to Coif, honorary law fraternity.

He played professional football with Red Grange's New York Yankees for two seasons, 1926-27, and 1927-28. After travelling from east to west coasts with the football team, he and Frances resided in Oklahoma City, where he practiced law with the law firm of Rainey, Flynn, Green & Anderson, and later was a partner in the law firm of Jeffrey and Fry. He coached football at Classen Senior High and Oklahoma City University. Later he gave up his practice of law to coach football at Kansas State College at Manhattan, Kansas for six years. From there he went to Evanston, where he coached football at Northwestern University for seven years. Since 1947 the family has resided in California, where he has been backfield coach and first assistant to Lynn Waldorf at the University of California. His team participated in the annual Rose Bowl classic at the end of the 1948, 1949 and 1950 seasons.

Their oldest child, James Wesley, was born on August 16, 1928 in Oklahoma City. He attended grade school in Oklahoma City, Manhattan, Kansas and Evanston, Illinois, where he was graduated from high school in 1946. He received a scholarship to Stanford University, where he attended four years of college and was graduated in June, 1950. He is a member of the Kappa Sigma, social fraternity, and Pi Sigma Alpha, national honorary political science fraternity. Beginning his sophomore year, he was selected by nation-wide competitive examination for enrollment in the Holloway plan NROTC program, from which he received an ensign's commission in the regular Navy, June 16,





1951. Since then he has been serving aboard the U.S.S. Bairoko, escort carrier, in the Korean war theatre.

Their second child, Harold Edward Fry, or "Ted" as he was always called, was born May 25, 1931, in Oklahoma City. He attended public school in Manhattan, Kansas and Evanston, Illinois and Berkeley, California. He was graduated from Acalanes High School, Lafayette, California in 1949. Ted attended Acalanes school his senior year, and made an outstanding record, having the lead in the Senior Class play, winning his letter as left guard on the football team, being chosen representative student to address the Walnut Creek Lion's club, and was active in many assemblies and musical programs. His musical ability was outstanding and he was accomplished in playing classical music as well as popular.

He had been accepted and planned to attend the University of California, in the fall, but the day after graduation, June 17th, 1949, through no fault of his own, he was killed in an automobile accident. To know Ted was to love him; his sunny disposition, his love of people, and his magnetic personality, were characteristics that we will long cherish. His fellow students honored his memory, with a perpetual courage award to be given annually to an outstanding football lineman; two Ted Fry scholarships, to the outstanding senior boy and girl in 1950, and a further contribution was given to the Shriner's Children's hospital in Oakland, in his honor.

Ted in a manner, grew up in a football atmosphere and his love of the game was deep-seated, if not almost inherited. His death was a shock not only to his immediate family and all the rest of the clan, but to his friends, and even his father's and mother's friends in Evanston, and other places where people had known Ted. His football coach, Erwin Mattson, has for some time followed the practice of writing a football column in the *LaFayette Sun* each week. He, as football coach, of course, was hardly a stranger to the boy, possibly he knew him as well as anyone, and in the *LaFayette Sun*, the issue of June 24, 1949, the week after Ted's death, Mattson devoted his column to Ted,





which, so far as is known is the only time he departed from straight football talk in his weekly column. Part of it is included here, because it is a remarkable tribute to one of the most lovable boys who ever lived:

"It is with a heavy hand and a heavy heart that I write today's column. The past week has given us much time for thought and meditation due to the loss of a boy who will always have a place in the hearts of all those who knew him.

"Ted Fry came to Acalanes at the beginning of the school year and in the short time he was here became a friend to all. He became a popular leader in his class and everyone had a 'hello' for Ted and he for them.

"The loss of a boy as enthusiastic and happy as Ted is difficult to realize, let alone understand.

"The one consoling thought is that the world is a better place that he lived, as he gave far more than he took.

"Ted was a member of the Acalanes football varsity and as such was one who lived each game to its fullest. In coaching a boy one gets an insight that few are fortunate to have. Many are the memories of bygone days that come back to me — of the time when we first sent him into a game and the look of enthusiasm on his face — of the times when we lost which only gave him more determination to win — of the times when we won and he enjoyed it to its fullest — of the times he was sent in to convert after touchdowns — when he said 'I can do it, coach' — of the time when he helped throw me in the shower after defeating Diablo in the final game of the season.

"The affection and thought held for Ted cannot be put in words — for words are inadequate to express those feelings which we feel deep in our hearts. For the same reason I find it difficult to express myself at a time like this in words printed on paper.

"His spirit and courage will always be a part of Acalanes for he was a Don at heart and in action. He won and wore his Block "A" with pride and his name will always be on the roll of Acalanes. He was a real American boy and it is with pride that we remember him as a teammate and one who lives forever in our hearts.

"There is a poem which reads:



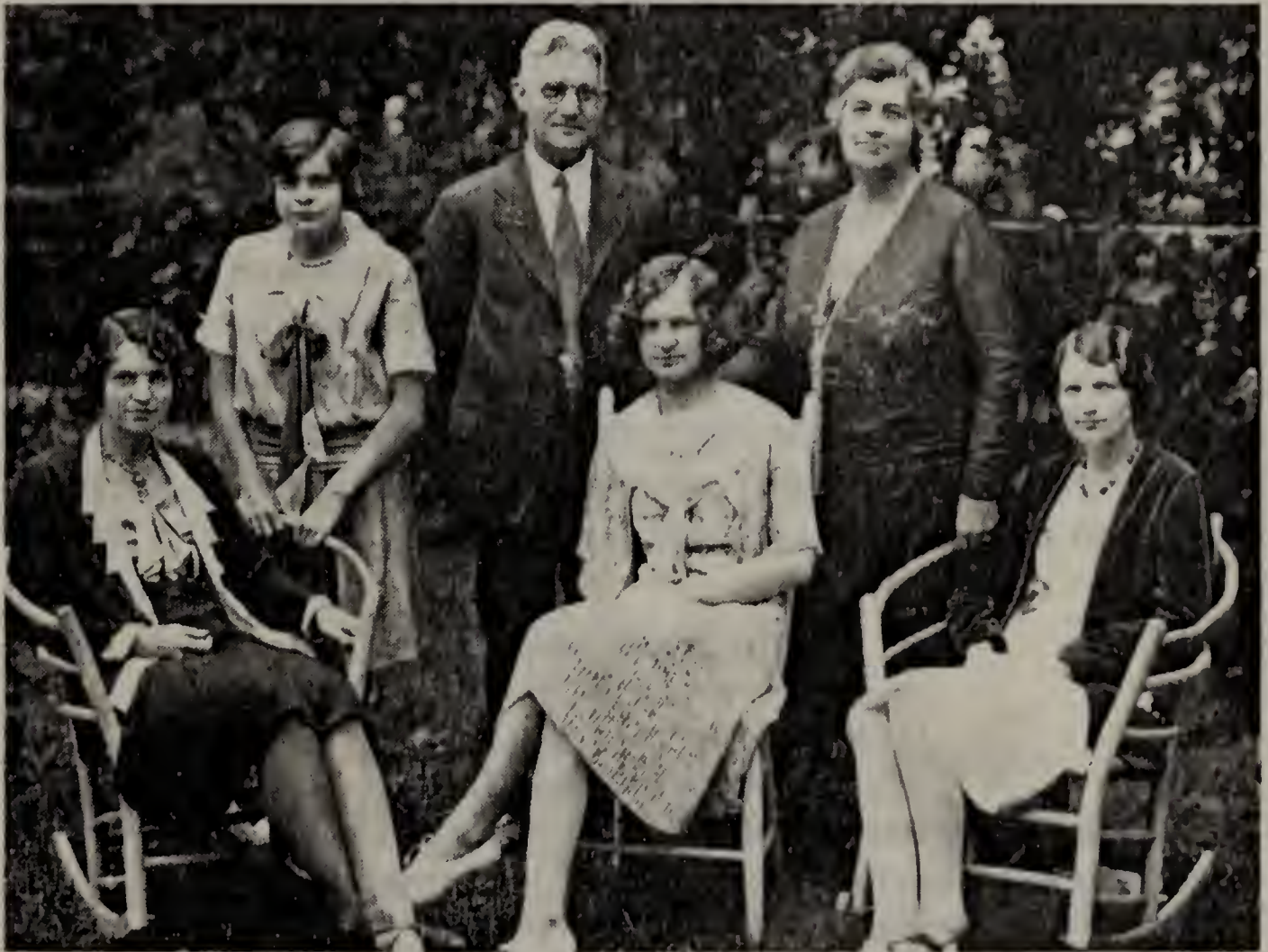


## THE SMITH FAMILY HISTORY

'For when the great scorer comes  
To mark down your name,  
He marks not whether you  
Won or lost, but how you  
Played the game.'

"With that I close for I know full well that he always played the game with all he had and — most important — fair and square. He leaves the world a better place that he lived. That is the true test of men. Ted passed with an A plus."

Meredith Anne Fry, their youngest child and only daughter, was born in Evanston, Illinois, February 28, 1941. She started to school in Evanston, and is now in the sixth grade in the Berkeley, California grade school.\*



Myself, and wife Eva, and daughters, Ruth, Dorothy, Frances and Marion

### *DOROTHY*

Our youngest daughter, Dorothy H. Smith was born August 21, 1911. She attended Bird grade school in Des Moines, while





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I was in the State Senate, and was graduated from the Winterset high school in 1929 with the distinction of being valedictorian of her class. Her college years included her freshman year at Grinnell college, her sophomore year at Lindenwood college, in St. Charles, Missouri, and her two last years at the University of Iowa, where she received her B. A. degree in Journalism in 1933. While attending Lindenwood, she received several honors, one of which was being a member of The Daisy Chain. She was also a member of Beta Pi Theta, honorary French fraternity. At Iowa City she was elected to membership in Theta Sigma Phi, honorary journalism sorority.

It was rather unusual that all four of our daughters were members of Delta Delta Delta sorority and received their B. A. degrees from the State University of Iowa.

Dorothy was private secretary to Dr. Curt Von Wedel in Oklahoma City for several years. She also did secretarial work in Phoenix, Arizona and at Northwestern University in Evanston. She was teaching in the Patterson High School when she became ill with heart trouble and died a week later on February 29, 1944.

Dorothy's untimely death was a severe blow to all of us, and I do not believe that for the purpose of perpetuating her memory through anything which I might write here, at this time, that I could do better than to include the Timely Topics column of March 8, 1944, which I devoted to her passing a short time after her death:

“Good night, good night!  
Parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good night,  
‘Till it shall be tomorrow.”

“With these thoughts we were able to smile through the tears in the strength of Christian faith, when we laid away the form of our beloved daughter Dorothy. May these words be as comforting to others as they have been to us. Week by week, and year by year, we have recorded the sorrows that have come to many homes, just as sorrow has recently come to our own home.

“Dorothy was born in the home where I still reside, on August 21, 1911. A brief sketch of her life was published





last week. At the age of four, a slight spinal curvature appeared. Treatment extending over many years caused her suffering that was all but beyond human endurance. Except for brief moments of grief, she was sufficiently brave to accept her lot with patience and fortitude. It seemed that nature tried to compensate for her bodily ailment by giving her a mind that was brilliant. Her wit was spontaneous, her loyalty to friends a principle never to be violated. She lavished on her nieces and nephews love and affection that knew no bounds.

"The happiest period of her life was undoubtedly the few months she taught in the Patterson Consolidated high school. Always fond of children, she soon gained the love and respect of her pupils. Her work didn't end with teaching the subjects assigned to her." She knew that the greatest opportunity of a teacher is to inspire boys and girls to make something of themselves — to become in time, noble men and women.

"A personal word to these boys and girls of Patterson school. She talked over with us her day at school, as we gathered around the evening dinner table. I never heard her speak a harsh or unkind word of any of you. True, no doubt, there were the brief vexations, but she loved every one of you, and would have laid down her life for you, if necessary. May you not sorrow but be glad to have been associated with her for even a short time. I am sure that in that brighter and better world, there will be added joy for Dorothy if she may know that her influence has been good, and that she has had even to a slight extent, inspired you to good deeds and noble purposes."

### MY WIFE

And now it is with sorrow that I attempt, in these closing paragraphs of my "*Smith Family History*" to record something of the character and of the passing of my beloved wife, Evalyn.

"Mother" took an active part in the affairs of the community as long as her health would permit. She was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Winterset, and was a charter member of the Pythian sisters in this city. During her earlier years, two of her hobbies were water color and china painting. Later she belonged to a number of social clubs, and enjoyed playing





bridge, and being with her friends. She continued proficient in handwork, and crocheted afghans, etc., for her children and grandchildren. She was never happier than when her home was filled with her children, friends and guests, and she retained a keen interest in people, until the time of her death. She was first stricken with a heart attack in 1944, was in poor health for several years, and had been an invalid for eighteen months prior to her death, January 7th, 1950.

The highlight of her later years was the observance of our Golden Wedding anniversary, in June 1948, when our children, grandchildren, relatives and friends joined us in making it a joyous occasion.

The *Winterset Madisonian* of June 16th, 1948 records the celebration as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Ed. M. Smith entertained over two hundred guests at an 'open house' at their home on West Court Avenue Sunday afternoon in observance of their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were married June 1, 1898, have made their home in Winterset since that time. Mr. Smith has been editor of the *Winterset Madisonian* for the past 50 years.

"The Golden Wedding reception was held June 13th so that the three daughters and their families might be present, and Dr. and Mrs. P. K. Graening of Oklahoma City, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Fry of Berkeley, California and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moore of Winterset assisted their parents' in receiving the guests.

"Mrs. J. W. Bunker had charge of the guest book and other assistant hostesses included a niece, Mrs. Murray D. Smith of Aurora, Illinois, Mrs. C. E. Hamilton of Iowa City, and Mrs. Harold Huntoon, Mrs. Ralph O. Mills, Mrs. Hugh Ilgenfritz, Mrs. John Ryan and Mrs. Mahlon Henderson of Winterset. Mrs. John E. Gorman of Iowa City, Miss Gretchen Graening of Oklahoma City, granddaughters, and Miss Janice Hanson assisted with the serving of the refreshments."

As in the case of Dorothy, I think I shall again draw on my Timely Topics column for the tribute to Evelyn, which I wish to record here for myself and my children, so that those who follow







Golden Wedding Anniversary

Front Row: Ruth Gorman, Ruth Graening, "Mother", "Dad", Marion Moore, Fran and Merrie Fry  
Back Row: John Gorman, Ted Fry, Jim Fry, P. K. and Gretchen Graening, J. C. Moore, David Graening, Wes Fry





us may in the years to come, know how greatly we loved her. The following was written while I was in California, shortly after her death and appeared in the *Madisonian* of February 1, 1950:

"The task of writing this column today is not an easy one. Most of our readers already know that on January 7th, we lost our companion of more than fifty years. To those who have nobly met the duties and trials of wife and mother, there is little we can say that others have not already said.

"We do not unduly grieve at her passing. She had suffered much during the past four years. She complained little and repeatedly remarked 'Everyone is so good and kind to me and I have so much to be thankful for.'

"No mother ever lavished greater love on her husband and on her children. She shared their griefs and sorrows and rejoiced in their well being and happiness.

"Poets, philosophers and the great men of all ages have stressed the beauty of Christian motherhood. When Jesus was crucified, his mother and her sister stood nearby the cruel cross. When Jesus arose from the sepulcher it was to His mother that He first revealed Himself.

"A Mother's children grow up; maybe move to distant parts, rear children of their own, but back home the Mother, now a grandmother, continues to share their joys and sorrows as long as life lasts. It was thus in our home — it is thus in every Christian home. And Mother's good example and her benign influence will continue long after her passing from life here to eternal life.

"Our home is broken. There will be loneliness that will remain for the rest of our allotted time. But we should not sorrow. Rather do we rejoice in the belief that there will be reunion in the world to come.

"We rejoice that Mother's goodly influence on her children, her grandchildren, her friends, far and near will continue."

"And sleeping there perhaps—  
perhaps she knew,  
When all her fondest dreams  
at last come true."



















